HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIV.—No. 1737.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890.

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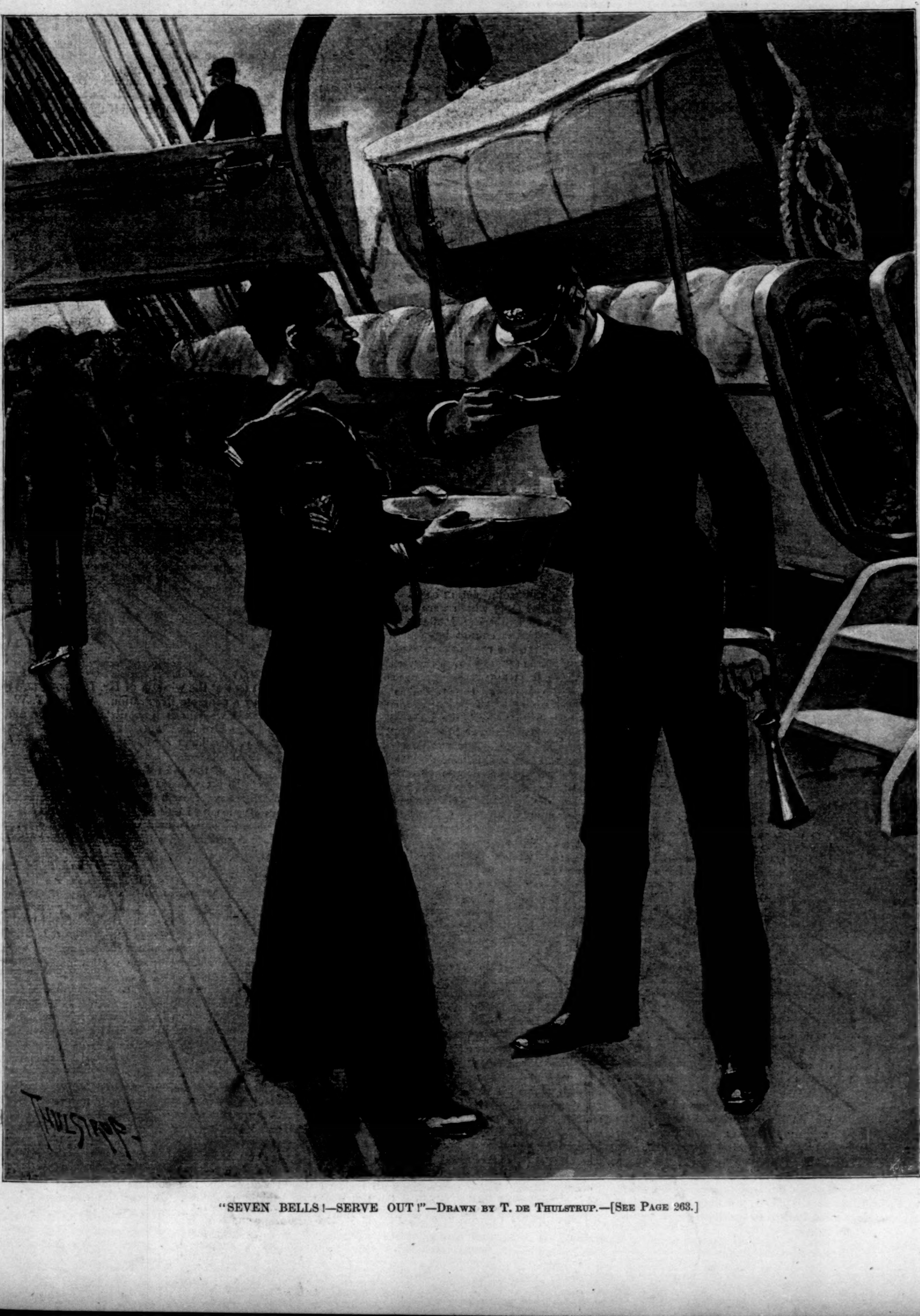

"SEVEN BELLS!—SERVE OUT!"—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 263.]

NEARLY READY.

PASTELS IN PROSE.

[From the French.]

Translated by Stuart Merrill, with 150 Illustrations (including Frontispiece in Color) by H. W. McVickar, and Introduction by W. D. Howells. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1 25. *Uniform with* "María," *by* Jorge Isaacs, *and* "The Odd Number," *by* Guy de Maupassant.

AUTHORS REPRESENTED IN THE VOLUME:

Louis Bertrand.
Paul Leclercq.
Théodore de Banville.
Alphonse Daudet.
Villiers de l'Isle-Adam.
George Auriol.
Judith Gautier.
Joris-Karl Huysmans.
Ephraïm Mikhaël.
Pierre Quillard.
Rodolphe Darzens.
Charles Baudelaire.
Achille Delaroche.
Stéphane Mallarmé.
Émile Hennequin.
Adrien Remacle.
Paul Margueritte.
Maurice de Guérin.
Paul Masy.
Hector Chainaye.
Catulle Mendès.
Charles-Eudes Bonin.
Henri de Régnier.

"The literary form known as a Prose Poem is, like the Song without Words in music, a peculiar modern invention; I believe it is even more recent, and it is even more subtly suggestive.... I do not know the history of the French Poem in Prose, but I am sure that, as we may say in our graphic slang, it has come to stay. It is a form which other languages must naturalize; and we can only hope that criticism will carefully guard the process, and see that it is not vulgarized or coarsened in it. The very life of the form is its aerial delicacy, its soul is that perfume of thought, of emotion, which these masters here have never suffered to become an argument. Its wonderful refinement, which is almost fragility, is happily expressed in the notion of 'Pastels'; and more than once, forgetting that modern invention has found a way of fixing the chalks, I have felt, in going over these little pieces, that the slightest rudeness of touch might shake the bloom, the color, from them. As it is, I am certain they must be approached with sympathy by whoever would get all their lovely grace, their charm that comes and goes like the light in beautiful eyes."—*From Introduction, by W. D. Howells.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Harper's Bazar *No.* 16 *will celebrate Easter by a superb* Double Number *in a special cover. Among the contributors we mention* Harriet Prescott Spofford, *whose story,* "*An Easter Bridal,*" *has three illustrations by* Albert E. Sterner, *and* Kate Upson Clark, *with a clever sketch, entitled* "*Daffodils.*" Dr. Felix Oswald, Frances J. Dyer, Christine Terhune Herrick, Mary Gay Humphreys, Rosamond Gillette, *and others, furnish a most attractive table of contents. The art features are unusually brilliant.* Jessie Curtis Shepherd *conveys the Easter idea in a full-page picture,* "*When the Morning Stars Sang Together.*" *A striking picture,* "*The Female Vested Choristers at St. Peter's, Brooklyn, New York,*" *with descriptive text, illustrates a new departure in choral service. Fashion hints and models are given in great variety.*

The Easter Number of Harper's Bazar *will appear on Saturday, April 5th.*

No. 1737.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

WITH COVER, AND

Supplement containing Descriptions and Illustrations of "Under a Bunch-Light," where the Real and Ideal meet.

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CONGRESS AND THE ELECTIONS.

THE reception of the Lodge bill by the press and by such members of Congress as have expressed themselves shows fortunately little disposition to question its constitutionality. Objection, however, is justly made to its general expediency and to some of its details. The unbroken tradition of usage is the regulation of Congressional elections by the States, except in regard to the time and manner of electing Senators. This tradition should be disregarded only in extreme cases, where the end can be gained in no other way. The argument for the Lodge bill is that in certain districts a class of citizens are deprived of their votes, not by law nor technically by the State, but either by local terrorism or by ingenious election devices which are approved by public opinion. The assumption is that the proposed law will remedy this situation, and enable such citizens to vote freely and without fear. But is this a fact? Are the colored citizens in the districts contemplated so desirous of voting that because of the kind of protection afforded by this law they will defy those who are now believed to prevent them from voting?

In other words, do they now abstain from voting because they are outwitted, or because they are afraid? Do they abstain because they cannot read the labels on the boxes, as in South Carolina, or because they know that they are "spotted," and will be made to suffer? The white voters, as a class, are the more intelligent, masterful, and powerful, and they are the property owners. They are convinced that negro ascendency would be fatal to society itself, and they say frankly that while they wish to live at peace with the colored people, and will gladly do what they can for their education and cultivation, and do not object to their filling small offices, yet they will resist at all hazards colored control of the State governments, and generally colored representation in Congress, for reasons which, they allege, would lead Northern communities similarly situated to do precisely the same thing. This is their contention, with the justice of which we are not now concerned. Is not this conviction and determination, which is perfectly well known to the colored people, and which occasionally manifests itself in the most unmistakable manner, and not the inability to read, the real reason of the abstention of the colored vote? It is a moral reason. It is the persuasion of the colored voter in certain districts that he will vote at high cost to himself which keeps him at home; and from this original conviction presently arises an indifference to voting—an act which, in any case, he comprehends imperfectly. This is the secret of the suppression of the colored vote.

If now five hundred such voters can procure a United States judge and clerk, inspectors and marshals, to manage the election, will those voters, or any considerable number of their race, for the privilege of voting by allowing an inspector to mark their ballots, be willing to take the risk of incurring the hostility of those who now really prevent their voting? This is the practical question. The Lodge bill assumes that they will, and that the sense of protection at the polls will cause such voters to forget that when the polls are closed the protection ends. This we do not believe. Unless Congress can provide protection for the colored citizen all the time, it does not seem to us probable that protection of his vote, only with the certain result, under the circumstances, of deepening the hostility of race, will greatly increase the colored vote, although it will unquestionably increase difficulties and disorders in the communities affected. Those difficulties, including voting, are of a kind which by the nature of the case and of our government is not summarily remediable by law and the marshal's posse. The practical suppression of the votes of lawful voters is unquestionably an immense evil. It is an evil for the local community in which it is tolerated as well as a wrong to the whole country, and that truth should be constantly shown. But it is a wrong which can be remedied only by time, by experience, by agitation, and changes of local feeling and opinion, but not by a law of Congress. In this part of the country also the negro as a man and equal citizen is greatly wronged. But the wrongs are of a kind which laws do not and cannot relieve. The Lodge bill is, we believe, constitutional, but should it become a law it will be futile. It subverts a tradition which has almost the sanction of fundamental law, and does not offer in compensation any reasonable prospect of relieving any wrong or removing any difficulty.

THE CITY.

The result of the Flack trial was in strict accordance with public expectation based upon the full narratives of the facts which were published last summer. Yet, remembering Barnard and Cardozo, every honest citizen cannot but feel how largely the result is due to the presence on the bench of the magistrate whose services to justice and the public welfare have been many and great—Judge Barrett. One of the shrewdest schemes of the old Tammany ring was to secure control of the bench, which was meant, in turn, to curb the press by committal for contempt when it exposed the corruption of the judiciary. The present Tammany ring lacks both the ability and the audacity of the Tweed conspiracy. But the revelations of the Flack trial, involving high public officers, including a judge, and the investigations of the Sheriff's office when it was occupied by the present Mayor, show plainly to the citizens of New York the character and purpose of the city government. The poor trick of expulsion of its agents by Tammany when they were caught in the act was as shallow and futile as Tweed's ostentatious planting of flower beds in the parks and distribution of coal to the poor. It was like a thief buying Bibles with a little of the money he has stolen.

It is stated that the present exposures of Tammany are due to the vengeance of the Republican boss Platt, who, as the report says, has been betrayed in some of his bargains with Tammany. In the same way, the exposure of the Tweed ring was due to quarrels over plunder. When thieves fall out, says the old proverb, honest folk come by their own. It is Mr. Platt who was recently reported to have remarked that the Republican party sometimes failed to do right for fear of being misunderstood. He has become boss, let us hope, for the purpose of correcting that weakness. If he be really the author of the investigations, his party in the Legislature has unquestionably done right, and there is no misunderstanding of that fact. The sole hope of uniting good citizens to secure proper government in the city lies in showing precisely what the actual government is. That truth is disclosed at present by the history of the Flack divorce and the revelations of the Sheriff's office. These proceedings all concern the administration of justice, which is the last resort of outraged liberty and the main defence of individual rights. They emphasize the question whether there shall be Bookstavers or Barretts upon the bench.

One unfit sheriff or judge, however, is comparatively a minor matter. The serious question is the system which produces them and other local officers. In the government of the city of New York ordinary party politics have no more proper place than in the management of a life-insurance company. But each of the great parties insists upon making the management of city affairs—laying out streets, lighting them and cleaning them, and all other municipal duties—party questions, and voters vote simply for their party candidates. So long as this system continues, the very large, intelligent, and substantial body of citizens who are especially interested in good government, and who are Republicans, by supporting distinctive party action in city affairs merely secure the worst government possible. The city is now governed by Tammany Hall, as it was twenty years ago. There is less organized and extensive stealing than then, but the system is the same, and the government is equally corrupt, and in the hands of cleverer men than its present bosses, Tammany Hall would be as dangerous a public enemy as in Tweed's day. How is this situation to be changed if the ring continues to nominate its tools for the city offices, and decent Democrats vote for them because they are the regular Democratic candidates, and Republicans vote for hopeless candidates of their own? Whenever Republicans cause it to be understood that the great bulk of the Republican vote would be cast against Tammany Hall for any honest Democrat, not as a Democrat, but as an honest man, there would be hope for the city. There is no hope, however, so long as in city elections every voter runs "wid de machine" of his party.

MR. HALLOWELL UPON THE MUGWUMP.

In a recent address before the Harvard Historical Society Mr. Richard P. Hallowell described the mugwump as a person of private virtues, intelligence, and culture, but the most dangerous political figure in the community.

> "He is a standing menace to our free institutions, for refined ignorance when it successfully assumes the air and tone of authority is more demoralizing in its influence upon a community than the more obvious and less plausible ignorance of the uneducated classes."

Mr. Hallowell proceeds to say that it is when he leaves economical questions and discusses those of political ethics that the ignorance of the mugwump appears most plainly. We read on, expecting to find some proof or illustration of this refined ethical ignorance of men whom Mr. Hallowell describes as virtuous, intelligent, and cultivated. But none whatever is offered or suggested. There is nothing but a reiteration of Mr. Hallowell's opinion that

> "when he [the mugwump] drops Greek roots and free-trade, and attempts to discuss national questions involving the rights of the colored man, he enters an unfamiliar field only to display his lack of knowledge and proper training."

That is to say, the mugwump differs from Mr. Hallowell upon the better method of securing the rights and promoting the welfare of the colored citizen. But how is he more ignorant than Mr. Hallowell?

Let us test the wisdom of Mr. Hallowell's assertion by a concrete illustration. Colonel T. W. Higginson is, we believe, a not distant neighbor, and perhaps friend, of Mr. Hallowell. Colonel Higginson is an admirable personification of the mugwump as described generally by Mr. Hallowell, except in the point of the refined ignorance of the intelligent man. In the case of Colonel Higginson it is refined intelligence. Now how do Mr. Higginson's virtues, intelligence, and culture, his old abolition activity, his service with colored soldiers in the field, the evidence furnished by a lifetime of his exceptional interest in the welfare of the colored man, his exceptional knowledge of his condition and needs, and his practical sacrifices for him—how do all these incapacitate him for a sound ethical view of the question of securing the rights of the colored citizen? How does Mr. Higginson's knowledge of political economy make him careless of human rights? Did similar knowledge affect John Bright in that way? Is there, *a priori*, any reason whatever to suppose that Mr. Higginson, because of his general intelligence and high character and accomplishments, his long and faithful devotion to the interests of the colored race, is unfitted "to discuss the negro question" wisely and humanely, or, indeed, that his convictions upon it are likely to be less earnest, his ignorance greater, or his views less sound, patriotic, and humane, than those of Mr. Hallowell?

Mr. Hallowell merely repeats, undoubtedly in good faith, the current sneers of a poor kind of politician at men who, although they have strong sympathies with a party, love liberty too well to wear a party collar. The private virtues, intelligence, and culture which Mr. Hallowell concedes to the mugwump do not exclude sagacity in dealing with public questions, nor confuse the ethical judgment of public measures. It was the conscience and the courage and the tenacity which characterize the mugwump from which the Republican party sprang, and to these qualities its achievements and renown are due. Mr. Hallowell is of radical antislavery lineage, and his views are doubtless as sincere as they are warmly expressed. But of a lineage not less antislavery than his own is Mr. Lloyd McKim Garrison, the president of the society before which Mr. Hallowell spoke. Mr. Garrison, the grandson of the great abolitionist, is of a younger generation than Mr. Hallowell, and he speaks for a great multitude of young and earnest men. When he says, in regard to the question discussed by Mr. Hallowell,

> "The great reform has got to come from the South. It has all got to be achieved by public opinion. That opinion has got to be formed not by cowardice or apology or defence or denial of any of the rights of man in any part of this country. But there must be no denunciation. Misrepresentations either of men or motives will not help,"

he speaks with as deep feeling and truthfulness as Mr. Hallowell, and exposes the folly and futility of meeting strong convictions and earnest patriotism with mingled sneers at education and ethical ignorance.

GOVERNOR HILL AND THE BALLOT REFORM BILL.

Governor Hill's proposition to submit the question of the constitutionality of the ballot reform bill to the Court of Appeals was merely an effort to avoid official responsibility. The Legislature, having passed a bill, sends it to the Governor for his action. The duty of the Governor, if he has doubts of its constitutionality, is to consult competent lawyers, and then sign or veto the bill. If under the bill a legal question arises, it will go before the courts. The first Constitution of New York, adopted in 1777, provided for a Council of Revision, composed of the Chancellor, Judges of the Supreme Court, and Governor, which held a negative upon all laws, unless passed by two-thirds of each House of the Legislature. This negative was afterward given to the Governor alone. In Massachusetts the Supreme Court is authorized, upon the request of the Governor or Legislature, to give an opinion upon the constitutionality of proposed laws. There is, however, no such provision in this State, and the Court of Appeals, as such, could hardly properly give such an opinion as Governor Hill suggests.

Last year he stated that in his judgment the bill was unconstitutional. If that be still his opinion he must veto it upon his responsibility. If he now doubts, he must seek the best advice that he can get. But he cannot invoke the courts to do what they are not empowered to do. If the Court of Appeals should give an opinion in this case, it would be extra-judicial—the opinion of men learned in the law—but it would have no official or binding authority. The proposition to submit the question to them is akin to that of submitting to popular ratification a law already enacted, as was suggested in the case of the civil service reform law. That proposition was a trick of the opponents of the law. The Governor's is an attempt to devolve his own responsibility upon others.

It is very significant as showing the Governor's consciousness of the strength of the public conviction, and his desire to find a means of escaping the consequences of the position he has assumed. His course also necessarily suggests doubt of the strength of his former constitutional scepticism. The Governor is undoubtedly clever at the little game of "hole" politics. But that kind of skill is totally ineffectual in dealing with large public questions. When insight, moral courage, and just appreciation of the real forces in public affairs are required—in other words, when statesmanship is necessary—the clever politician is lost. There is not a sagacious political observer in the country who does not see that the Governor's method of seeking the Democratic nomination in 1892 seriously injures the chances of his party with any candidate by identifying it with reaction and obstruction.

GOOD ROADS.

Roads are among the first signs and necessities of civilization, and as in many parts of the country the condition of the roads has seemed to indicate a tendency of relapse toward barbarism, it is not surprising that the friends of civilization are now manifesting unusual interest in good road-making. The Farmers' Club of the American Institute lately listened to a paper on the subject by Mr. Crane, of New Jersey. He treated the influence of bad roads upon farm lands, and stated that seventy-five per cent. of the farms in New Jersey were "plastered with mortgages," and that farm land had depreciated within the past ten years from fifty to seventy-five per cent.

The enormous advantages of what is called "protection" to the farmer seem to have been overborne by bad roads. This view was strongly confirmed by Dr. W. R. Ward, one of the commissioners appointed last year to examine the law and operation of the present road system, who said that the great depression of the farming interest in the State is "undoubtedly due to the villanously bad roads of New Jersey."

In New York the recommendation of a system of State roads which should secure a smooth passage across every county in the State, thus connecting all the counties, so that a man could walk or drive from the city of New York to Jamestown, in Chautauqua county, or Potsdam, in St. Lawrence, upon an admirable road, has led to the formation of an association for the improvement of roads in the State, which recently held a meeting at Utica. The late articles in Harper's Weekly, by Captain Greene and Mr. Pennell, upon roads and road-making, and European roads, are an exceedingly valuable contribution to the discussion. A wise system would consist both of county and State roads, and the public money could not be more economically spent than for such a system. There is no greater waste than an immense part of the money now locally expended for roads.

THE POST-OFFICES.

Mr. Clarkson, the First Assistant Postmaster-General, who is reported to have said recently,

> "I have changed 31,000 out of 55,000 fourth-class postmasters, and I expect to change 10,000 more before I finally quit. I expect before the end of the month to see five-sixths of the Presidential postmasters changed. Then I can paraphrase old Simeon, and say, 'Let thy servant depart in peace,'"

now says, in regard to the investigation by the committee of the National Civil Service Reform League, of which Mr. Foulke, of Indiana, is chairman:

> "The inquiries sent out, in every instance that I have seen, show that the case has been prejudged, and the change made assumed to be wrong. It is evidently an effort to get statements from removed and disappointed officials for political use, and some of the letters show an intention to try to induce the new postmasters to make statements of defence where no defence is needed. The postmasters seem to realize that they have reports to make only to their superior officers. No political capital can be made out of these changes. The President has made no removals except for cause—for delinquency in official duties, inefficiency of service, or violation of law. He has refused to make any changes for partisan reasons. Changes made for cause have been on the reports of inspectors, showing a demand for the change in the interest of the public service."

Mr. Clarkson is entirely mistaken in supposing the object of the committee to be political. The majority of its members, including Mr. Foulke, voted for Mr. Harrison, and they seek only the facts. If the truth in regard to the Presidential post-offices is what Mr. Clarkson states, that is the very fact which the committee will report, and as nothing could be more creditable to the administration, the committee should receive all assistance possible from Mr. Clarkson, who, when the committee come to the fourth-class offices, will doubtless hasten to show that he has not discredited the party platform and the administration of which he is part by acting differently from his chief, and made a general sweep of the postal service without cause.

His published interview has the air of a warning to all postmasters to be wary, and not to aid the enemy by answering the inquiries of the committee. But why should a committee of the Reform League, asking solely for the facts in regard to appointments and removals, be assumed to be the enemy of the party which declared that

> "the reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reformed system already established by law to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all Executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectually avoided."

If Mr. Clarkson has been honestly and honorably fulfilling this engagement with the country, why should he attempt to discredit a committee of which the majority helped to bring him into power because they believed the party declaration?

THE CHICAGO FAIR.

The House, by a vote of 202 to 49, has decided that the World's Fair shall be held in Chicago, opening not later than May 1, 1893, and closing not later than October 1st of the same year. The Representatives from New York voted for Chicago, although some of them expressed the gravest doubts about the financial ability of the Western city to cope with the demands of the enterprise. In the little debate, however, Chicago was not unable to make some suggestive retorts.

The matter is now finally settled. New York has lost the Fair, and in view of the revelations of the character of its municipal officers and government, there is a general sense of relief. It would be rather absurd to invite the whole world to come and see what clever and useful inventions we have made, when the staring fact on exhibition would be the practical failure of popular government properly to manage a great city. We have escaped that disaster, and obviously the city has little self-love to be wounded.

There is no need of a gloomy view, however. If we fall into the hands of thieves, we do not consent to remain in them. The clutch of Tweed and his gang upon the city was very close and firm. But it did not last long. Public opinion "sent them whirling." The more recent rascalities are being thoroughly exposed, and unless the failure is to be permanent, the remedy at last will be applied.

GENERAL CROOK.

General Crook deserved all the warm tributes that have been paid to his memory. He was one of the bravest, ablest, and most efficient soldiers of the Union, and one of the most unassuming of men. But his signal distinction was his wisdom in dealing with the Indians. He was an undaunted "Indian fighter," but he was very much more; for he was a courageous and humane friend of the Indians. The cardinal principle of his Indian policy was sincerity. In his view the Indian was not vermin to be exterminated, but a man to be honestly treated. This also was the view of General Grant.

Grant said that when a young lieutenant on the frontier he observed that the Americans cheated the Indians and the English did not. The Indians, consequently, trusted the English and distrusted the Americans. They were sure when the Canadian agent promised them a blanket of a certain quality that they would get it. They were not sure of the same result of an American promise. General Crook, whose military prowess and success had taught the Indians respect and even fear, told them no lies. They felt that he was their friend, and could he have had control of our Indian relations, much of the "dishonor" that has marked them would have disappeared.

It is most fortunate that the better American view held by General Crook now characterizes the policy of the Indian Bureau. General Morgan, the present Commissioner, is in full accord with the best and most intelligent friends of the Indian, and his late paper on Indian education, proposing a system of instruction for all accessible Indian youths, is a comprehensive and admirable survey of the situation, and it is in itself a subject of congratulation that it is made by the head of the Indian office. The generous support of General Morgan's recommendations by Congress would be a fitting tribute to the memory of the military friend and counsellor of the Indians, General Crook, whose services will not be forgotten.

PERSONAL.

Albert E. Sterner, whose water-colors have lately attracted much attention, has been chosen a member of the Water-color Society. Mr. Sterner is on the eve of his departure for Florence, where he is to spend a few years in study.

—Twenty-five years ago George Peabody, the rich banker and philanthropist, set apart $2,500,000 for buying wretched tenements in the London slums, clearing them off, and building in their stead pleasant and healthy homes for the poor. The trustees of the fund have performed their duties wisely and faithfully. They now have eighteen groups of houses scattered over the city, which shelter 20,374 people, and before long they will be able to buy land and build another group. The fund on December 31st amounted to £994,789, and up to that time £1,233,845 had been expended for land and buildings.

—The cloth for President Harrison's and Vice-President Morton's inaugural suits was, it will be remembered, furnished by John F. Plummer, the head of the big woollen firm that has just failed. Mr. Plummer is an enthusiastic Republican, and had the cloth made for this especial purpose at a mill in Rockville, Connecticut.

—Baby John Alexander Logan, a grandson of the late Senator Logan, has been made a Lieutenant in the Fifth Infantry Regiment, or Logan Rifles, Ohio National Guard. The youngster is about six weeks old. His father is a Captain in the regiment.

—A number of rich New-Yorkers are interested in the Church of Our Saviour, or the Sailors' Meeting-house as it is sometimes called, which stands on a float at the foot of Pike Street. The other day when Bishop Potter confirmed about twenty children there, the sons and daughters of 'longshoremen, seamen, and others living in the vicinity, the little church was filled, and in the audience were Mrs. William Waldorf Astor and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

—Senator Brown, of Georgia, is a zealous Baptist, and has given largely to the enterprises of his denomination.

—Dudley Foster, of Bellerica, Massachusetts, has been Town Treasurer for forty consecutive years and Town Clerk for thirty-four years, besides holding other local offices.

—The desire of London society to honor Henry M. Stanley has taken shape just now in a "Stanley Exhibition." It is devoted entirely to Africa and African products, among the exhibits being relics of Livingstone and other prominent African explorers, with books, maps, etc., illustrative of their accomplishment. In other departments are shown the results of missionary work and the efforts to suppress the slave-trade.

—Emperor William's animosity toward everything French does not extend to the cooks in the imperial kitchen. They are French, but the bills of fare have to be printed in German.

—There is quite a coterie of literary women in Baltimore, and they have formed a woman's literary club. Among the more prominent members are Mrs. Dr. Fabian Franklin, of Johns Hopkins University, Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, Miss Hester Crawford Dorsey, Mrs. George Whitelock, and Mrs. Mary Spears Tiernan.

—Prime Minister Crispi, of Italy, among the poorest of the revolutionary exiles from his country thirty years ago, is now a millionaire. Fortunate speculations and investments have given him his wealth.

—Among the curious things offered at a recent auction sale in Norwich, Connecticut, was a queer open-and-shut pulpit, which a century and a half ago was used by Rev. Amos Reed, a pioneer Baptist clergyman, in his ministrations throughout eastern Connecticut. It shuts up in compact shape, and the parson strapped it on his horse's back as he travelled from place to place on his wide circuit.

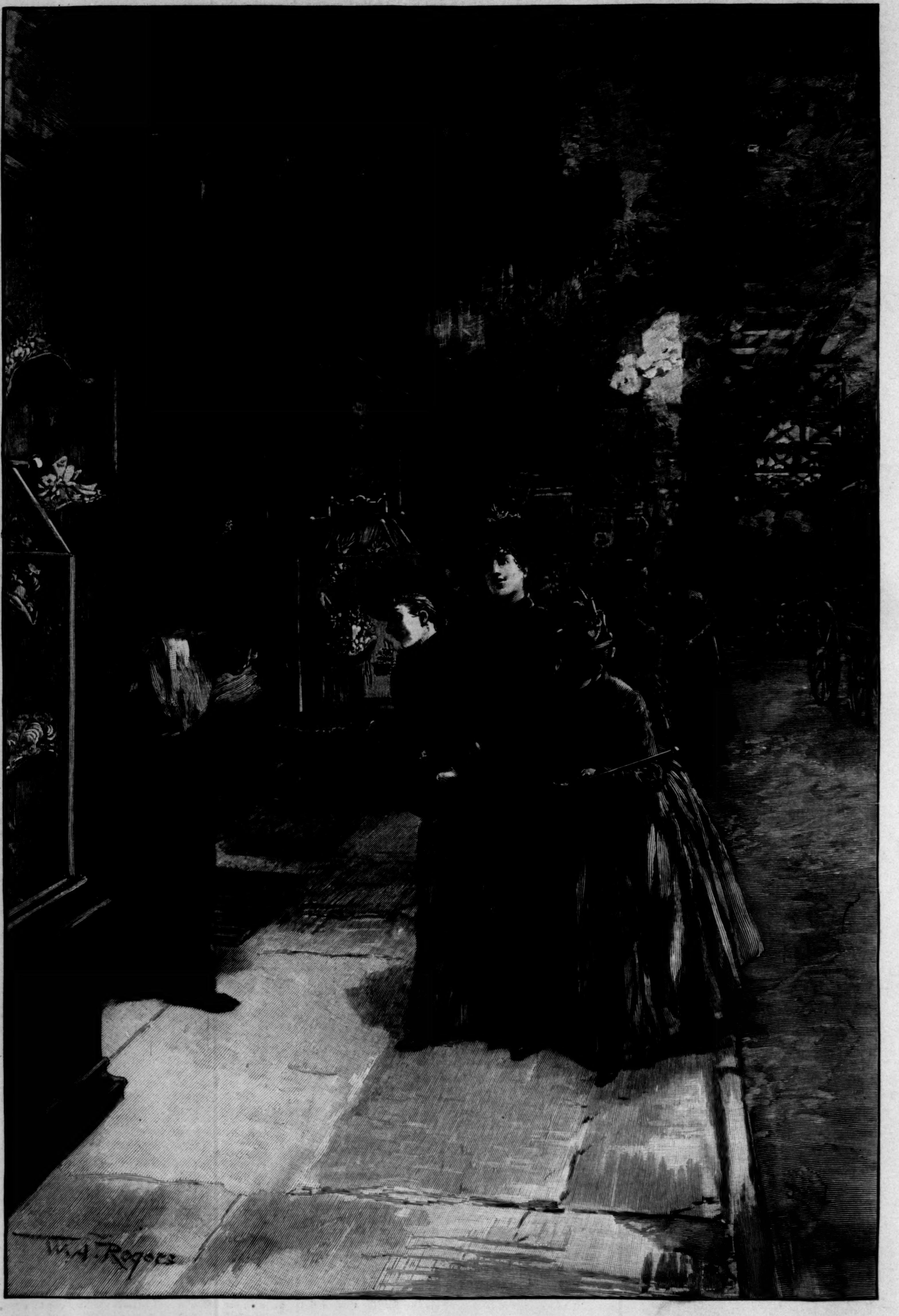
—Marwood, the famous English hangman, died a bankrupt. He was a shoemaker by trade, but speculated considerably, hemp being naturally one of the things he dabbled in. Among his assets is a bill of £25 against the city of Dublin for the hanging of the murderers of Burke and Cavendish.

—Edward Atkinson is doing his best to make the Boston city authorities put fire-escapes on the school-houses, and threatens to carry the matter before the Grand Jury.

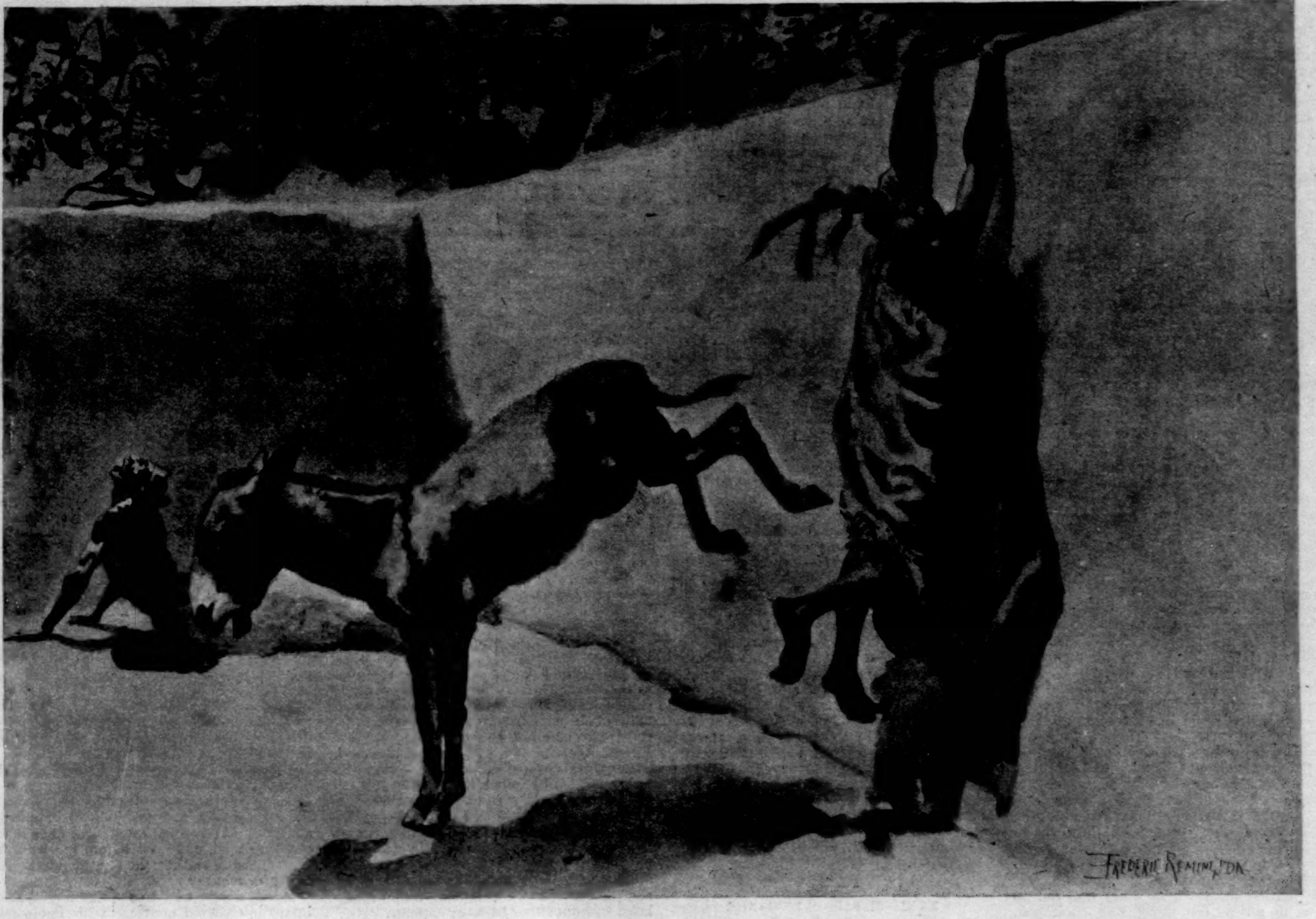
—Judge Thurman has been confined quite closely to his house in Columbus, Ohio, by rheumatism this winter, but in other respects his health is very good.

—M. Chauteloup, the well-known brass founder in Canada, has left his fortune of $500,000 to his former employés.

—The wife of Count Waldersee, one of the nobles who stand very high in the estimation of Emperor William, is the daughter of James Lee, once a prominent New York grocer. She is a beautiful woman, and, while travelling with her father in Europe some years ago, met and married Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, who was about fifty years her senior. He lived but a short time, and later on she was married to her present husband.



NEW YORK SHOP-GIRLS BUYING EASTER BONNETS ON DIVISION STREET.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 263.]



"IN AN INSTANT THE TWO SMALL HEELS FLASHED THROUGH THE AIR."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.[*]

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XXXI.—DEFEAT.

AFTER all, the life that I thought was lost, and had but little sorrow for the losing of it, slowly came back to me again. For a good while before I recovered consciousness fully, I understood a little of what was going on around me by sounds which no doubt were loud and ringing, yet which seemed to me to come faintly from a long way off. They plainly were the sounds of fighting—of weapons rattling together, of shouts and yells and death cries—but I did not associate them with our present battling, but thought that we still were in the cañon, and still were fighting those wild Indians by whom poor Dennis was slain. And I knew that I had been hurt badly; for in my head was a throbbing pain so keen that it seemed like to split my skull open, and my stomach was stirred by most distressing qualms, and my weakness was such that I could not ease the sore muscles of my body by moving by so much as a hair's-breadth from the cramped position in which I lay.

It seemed to me a vastly long while that I remained in this dreary condition of half-consciousness, with no certain knowledge of anything save the pain that I suffered; and then I felt some one touch me, and a hand laid upon my heart; and this touch so far roused me that I heaved a long sigh and slowly opened my eyes. For a moment I did not know the face that I saw bending over me—nor was this wonderful, for in place of its usual ruddiness was a death-like pallor, that was the more marked by contrast with the blood that trickled down over it from a great gash across the brow whereby the bone was laid bare. But there was no mistaking the voice that called out: "He's alive, Rayburn!" and added: "I don't see what right he's got t' be alive, either, after a crack like that. I guess studyin' antiquities must everlastin'ly harden and thicken a man's skull!"

"Studying engineering doesn't harden a man's leg, anyway," I heard Rayburn answer. "That cut pretty near took mine off. But now that we've stopped the bleeding I guess I'm all right. I think I can work over to you on my hands and knees and help you with th' Professor. Now that I know he's alive I seem to be a lot more alive myself."

"Just you stay where you are," Young called back, sharply. "If you move you'll start that bandage, an' I'll have t' tie you up all over again. I'll attend t' th' Professor." And then Young bent over me and, with a tenderness that I never would have thought his rough hands capable of, set himself to bandaging my wounded head. But the best thing that he did for me was to give me a draught of water from a gourd that had been slung about the neck of one of the soldiers lying dead there; which draught, with the comfort that the cool wet bandage about my head gave me, brought back to me so much of my strength that I was able presently to sit up and look around.

Truly, a more ghastly sight than that which my eyes then rested upon I never saw. The gateway of the Citadel was a very shambles. Piles of dead men lay all around me; and the prodigious number of the enemy lying slain there testified with a mute eloquence to the desperate fashion in which our handful of men had fought. Over the rough pavement, down the slope toward the lake, there flowed a stream of bright red blood, that in places shone a brilliant vermilion where it was touched by the glintings of the sun. Among the dead I did not see Tizoc's body, and for this I was glad. Half a dozen of the enemy stood by us as a guard; but these suffered us to minister to each other, evidently feeling that no great amount of caution was necessary in dealing with three badly wounded men. Indeed, these guards, in their way, manifested a kindly feeling for us; for when they perceived that our gourd of water was empty one of them picked up another full gourd from amidst the dead and handed it to us. From inside the Citadel there still came a tumult of fierce sounds which gave proof that though the battle—if it could be called a battle—was ended the work of killing still was going on; but these sounds sensibly diminished while we lay there waiting to know what fate would come to us, and we concluded, therefore, that there remained no more rebels to be slain.

Rayburn was seated upon the ground at no great distance from me, his back propped against the wall. As he saw that I was looking toward him, and had again my wits about me, he greeted me with a very melancholy smile. "It's been a pretty cold day for us, Professor," he said; "and there's no great comfort in knowing that it's partly our own fault that these fellows have laid us out. I didn't give them credit for such good tactics; and even with the bad watch that we kept I don't see how they managed to get their men round on the other side of our camp. Well, it must please them to know how straight we walked into the trap that they set for us—like the pack of fools that we were."

"You won't ketch me joinin' in any more Indian revolutions, anyway," Young put in. "I did think I could bet on those Tlahuicos, an' they've just gone back on us th' worst kind. Do you feel strong enough, Professor, to tie th' ends o' this rag?" He had been binding up the cut in his forehead, and he now got down on his hands and knees in front of me and bent his head within easy reach of my hands; and my strength had so far returned to me that without being very tired after it I was able to make the ends of the bandage fast. The blow on his head had glanced from the skull, luckily; but it had been heavy enough to stun him for some minutes after he received it—and his falling as though dead had been the means no doubt of saving his life; even as in the same manner my life had been saved. Rayburn's wound was a worse one than either Young's or mine, for a great gash in his thigh had wellnigh cut his leg off, and until with Young's help he had improvised a tourniquet from a bowstring and a broken fragment of a javelin he had been in great danger of bleeding to death.

For more than an hour we were suffered to lie in the gateway, while the work went on of slaying the wretched Tlahuicos, and then of marshalling the more important personages who had been reserved alive as prisoners, and finally of restoring order in the victorious ranks. At the end of this time an officer with a squad of men came to where we were lying and roughly ordered us to rise, to the end that we also might be placed among the prisoners. Young and I had so far recovered our strength that we managed to scramble on our feet with no great difficulty; though in my case this exertion, which made the blood flow more briskly in my veins, suddenly increased so greatly the pain in my head as to bring upon me for a little while a dizziness that compelled me to lean against the wall for support. In Rayburn's case, standing was quite out of the question; and I shortly told the officer in what manner he was wounded, and that to make him rise and walk assuredly would start the bandage on his leg and so lead to his quickly bleeding to death. Thereupon the officer gave an order to some of his men to fetch a stretcher such as their own wounded were carried in; yet at the same time he said to me: "This companion of yours is a brave man, and but for my orders I would loosen the bandage with my own hands and so let him die without further pain"—which speech, notwithstanding the obviously kind intention of it, I did not translate to Rayburn at that time.

While we waited for the stretcher to be brought, the soldiers fastened about Young's neck and about mine heavy wooden collars which set well out over our shoulders and were not unlike great ruffs. I confess that for my own part my professional interest in this curious piece of gear entirely overcame my repugnance to wearing it; for I instantly recognized it as the cuauh-cozatl, with which, as the ancient records tell us, the Aztecs were accustomed to secure their prisoners of war. But Young, who could not be expected to share in my delight at seeing actually alive, and ourselves made party to it, a custom that was supposed to have been extinguished for more than three centuries, grew exceedingly indignant at having thus placed about his neck what he coarsely described as "an overgrown —— goose-yoke." Nor was I at all successful in my attempt to soothe him by telling him that the discomfort to which we were subjected was a very trifling matter in comparison with the gain to the science of archæology that flowed from this positive identification of an exceedingly interesting historical fact.

"Oh, come off, Professor," he growled. "What th' d——l do I care for historical facts, or for historical lies either—an' they're all about th' same thing. What I want t' do is t' punch th' head o' th' fellow who put this thing on me; an' I can't. They'll be hangin' me up by my heels an' stickin' a corn-cob in my mouth next, I s'pose, an' makin' a regular stuck pig out o' me; an' then likely enough you'll try t' make me believe that *that* proves somethin' or other that nobody but you thinks ever happened, an' so want me t' feel pleased about it. Antiquities be ——. I've had as much of 'em as I want, an' more too!" And, being delivered of these rudely expressed and very narrow-minded opinions, Young lapsed into a moody silence.

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1722.

While the collars were being placed about our necks, and while Rayburn was being lifted upon the stretcher which the soldiers had brought, we heard from within the Citadel the tapping of drums, and then the measured tread of soldiers marching; and as we looked through the gateway we saw that the troops had been formed in regular order and were moving toward us. At the head of the column were the prisoners—numbering three or four hundred, and all wearing wooden collars about their necks—covered on both flanks by a strong line of guards. They were ranged in order of their dignity, the unlucky members of the Council coming first, and after them the other officers of that short-lived government, then the military officers, and in the rear a few private soldiers. The fact that no Tlahuicos were among the prisoners led me to conclude that such of these as had not been slain had been held under guard until they might be returned to their owners or set again to toiling hopelessly in the mine.

The importance that in the estimation of our captors attached to ourselves was shown by their placing us at the very head of the column, in advance even of the members of the Council; and this was a compliment that we willingly enough would have declined, for such honorable consideration, according to the customs of this people, meant surely that we were reserved for a very exemplary fate. But we were in no position to raise objections of any sort just then, and we therefore fell into the place assigned to us, and tried as well as we could to show a bold front as we went downward toward the lake.

Only a few terrified women and children, who fled away as we advanced, were in sight as we passed through the streets of the town; and from many of the hovels came the moans of poor wounded wretches who had crawled to their miserable homes to die in them; and from others came the lamentations of women over their dead; and in nooks and corners, whither with their last strength they had dragged themselves, we saw men lying dead in pools of their own blood. But down by the water-side there were live men in plenty, soldiers and oarsmen, and the pier was crowded with them; while out beyond the pier the whole bay was swarming with the boats in which the enemy's forces had stolen down upon us in the darkness from Culhuacan—making their landing, as we now learned, just beyond the town in a bay that ran up close to where our army was encamped. And this scene of bustling activity in the bright sunshine made a joyous and brilliant picture, that was all the brighter because of its setting in that sunlit bay, opening out between beaches of golden-yellow sand upon the broad expanse of restful water which fell away in gleaming splendor into a bank of soft gray haze.

But the picture was still more stirring that we saw as we looked landward, when the barge that we were put aboard of pulled out from the pier, and our rowers lay on their oars and so waited while the work of embarkation went on. Right in front of us was the broad central street of the town, and the whole length of this, from the pier to the Citadel, was filled with a solidly massed body of soldiers that came down the steep descent slowly, and halting often, to the boats which were in waiting to bear them away. Barbarians though they were, these soldiers made a gallant showing. In front of each regiment was borne its feather standard, and in the midst of each company was its rallying flag of brightly painted cotton cloth. The higher officers wore wooden casques carved and painted in the semblance of the heads of ferocious beasts; the cotton-cloth armor of all the officers was decked with a great variety of strange devices wrought in very lively hues, and similarly strong hues were used in the decoration of the universally carried light round shields. And all this brilliant color, the more vivid because of its background of bare brown skins, was flecked with a thousand glittering points of light where the sunshine sparkled on swords and on spear-heads of hardened gold.

"It's not much wonder that those fellows got away with us," Rayburn said, as he watched the orderly manner in which the disciplined ranks moved out upon the pier and stepped briskly into the boats at the word of command. "They're as fine a lot of fighters as I ever saw anywhere. Just look how steadily they stand at a halt, and how sharply they obey orders, and how well set up they are! I must say I don't see what the Colonel could have been thinking about when he said that we had a fighting chance against an army like that. Well, he's paid for his mistake about as much as a man can pay for anything. It breaks me all up to think that the Colonel is dead. He was good all the way through. And I wonder what will become of that little lame boy of his now? They'll make a Tlahuico of him, I suppose. By Jove! what a mess we've made of this whole business from first to last!"

My heart was too heavy for me to answer Rayburn save by a nod; for while he spoke the thought came home to me very bitterly that upon me rested the responsibility of the black misfortune in which he and Young were involved; and with this came also a great burst of sorrow as I thought how still more closely at my door lay Pablo's death—for Rayburn and Young at least had come into my plans with a reasonable understanding of the danger to which they exposed themselves; but Pablo, having no such knowledge, had followed me unquestioningly because of his loving trust that I would hold him safe from harm. My sorrow concerning Fray Antonio was keen enough, Heaven knows; but in his case I had the solace of knowing surely that he had come to his death not because of my urging, but in pursuance of his own strong desire. There was a little comfort in the thought that even one of these four lost lives could not be charged to my account; and yet this reflection seemed only to make my sorrow heavier as I thought of the woful weight of my responsibility for the other three.

For nearly two hours we lay there in the bay while the embarkation of the prisoners and the troops went on; our boat moving further out from the pier from time to time as the double line of boats behind it lengthened. In that sheltered place there was little wind blowing, and the blazing heat of the sun beating down upon my wounded head gave me so keen a pain that I gladly would have died to be rid of it; and I could see from the drawn look of their faces that Young and Rayburn were suffering not less keenly. We were thankful enough, therefore, when at last the embarkation was completed—more than half of the army remaining in Huitzilan to restore order there—and we pulled out from the bay into the open waters of the lake, and were comforted by the light breeze, which yet brought with it a delicious refreshment, that was blowing there.

All the bright beauty of that lovely lake was around us, having for its background the green meadows and the darker green of the forests hanging above them on the upward slopes, and beyond all the towering height of the cliffs, which shaded in their colorings from delicate gray to dark brown, and were touched here and there by patches of black shadow where some great cleft opened; and yet all that we then thought of was that across those blue waters which gleamed golden in the sunlight we were going swiftly to a cruel death, and that the cliffs, whereof the beauty was hateful to us, irrevocably shut us in. Which gloomy feelings pressed upon us throughout that dismal passage, while all our oarsmen pulled stoutly together, and we went gliding onward over the sunlit waters toward the evil fate that we knew was waiting for us within the dark walls whereby was encircled the city of Culhuacan.

XXXI.—EL SABIO'S DEFIANCE.

While yet we were a long way off from the city we heard faintly the yells of triumph with which the watchers above the water-gate gave notice to those within the walls of the return of the victorious army; and from all the boats of our flotilla there went up a shrill chorus of answering yells. Our barge was the first to pass through the water-gate, out from which we had come so gallantly so short a time before, and thence went onward across the basin to the very pier that we had started from with such high hopes to gather the forces for the rebellion that had come to so sorry an end.

All the water-side was black with the crowd that had gathered to watch our landing; but considering that these people were there to welcome a victorious army, it seemed to me that they were strangely still and dull. There was, to be sure, no lack of yelling; but it came for the most part from a company of priests clustered on the pier where we landed, and from the soldiers and oarsmen in the boats—not from the townsfolk at large. And when we were marched upward through the city—following the same street that we had fought our way along when last we traversed it—I saw in the crowd so many sullen and dejected faces that it seemed to me there still was in that city a good deal of material for the making of another mutiny.

This time we were not taken to the house in which we had met the Priest Captain, and whence we had been delivered from imprisonment by Tizoc's gallant rescue of us; but, passing a little beyond this house, we were lead up a broad stairway to the plateau which crowned the city, and on which stood the great Treasure-House, that also was the Temple in which the Aztlanecas housed their most venerated gods. And I confess that my delight at seeing closely this building, that until then I had beheld only from afar off, for a time completely overcame the dread and sorrow that had oppressed me; and the very strongest desire that stirred within me just then was for a tape-measure, and a pair of compasses, and a steel square, together with the opportunity to fall to work with these several instruments upon those mighty walls. Indeed, I almost had forgotten that I was a prisoner, and was like to die soon a very dreadful death, when a groan that poor Rayburn gave—wrung from him by the pain that he suffered in being carried up the stairs—recalled me suddenly to a realizing sense of our situation; and so pressed home upon me the sad conviction that the science of archæology would gain nothing of all that I might see or learn during the little while that I should remain alive.

The outer facing of the plateau, like that of the terraces below it, was a prodigiously heavy wall of squared stones set in cement; and for a coping this wall had great stones carved in the similitude of serpents' heads, with mouths wide open, that instantly recalled to my mind the like enclosure that the Spaniards found surrounding the principal temple in the city of Tenochtistlan—and I had a sudden strong longing that my friend Bandelier might be with me at that moment to see how precisely his very ingenious speculations concerning the snake wall about the great Teo-calli were here confirmed.

Through a portal formed of two huge blocks of stone carved to represent two serpents coiled upon themselves, the heads meeting above in a sort of arch (not a true arch, for each of these serpents was a monolith and was supported wholly on its own base), we entered the large enclosure before the temple. I was surprised to find—for of such a thing among the ancient Aztecs there is no record—that in the centre of the enclosure the rock had been hewn away in such a fashion as to create a vast amphitheatre; and that this was the place where sacrifice was offered by the priests was shown by the blood-stained altar in the centre of it, to which fragments of flesh also adhered, whence was wafted up to us a dreadful stench that instantly racked us with queasy qualms. Save directly in front of the entrance to the temple, where was a great stone balcony with a smaller balcony below it, all the sides of the amphitheatre were cut in steps which made also benches, where the multitude could sit at their ease and behold the bloody work going on in the pit below them; and so enormous was this rock-hewn cavity that fully forty thousand people could at once be seated there. Under the balcony there was visible the entrance to a dark, tunnel-like passage that evidently communicated with the temple, and a smaller passage, not large enough for a man to pass through, slanted downward to where it opened on the terrace below; which last was to drain the blood away, and also to free the amphitheatre from water in the season of rains.

We held our noses as we skirted this shocking place, and we were glad enough when we got beyond it and came to the entrance to the temple: a very noble portal, severely simple, and because of its simplicity the more majestic, in which, as in the whole of the façade, was manifest the grave and sombre Egyptian feeling that I had before observed. Through this we passed into the shadowy interior, lighted by only a few narrow slits cut in the enormously thick walls, where the lofty roof was upheld by a wilderness of columns, which opened before us seemingly endless vistas where an eternal twilight reigned. Of interior decoration there was nothing save a broad and simple panelling upon the walls, and the great pillars were mere round monoliths, without either bases or capitals.

As we entered this to them most sacred place a hush fell upon our escort, and even I felt something of that reverent awe that is inspired by any building which has been sanctified by the worship of multitudes within it through countless years. But that Young did not at all share this feeling with me was made manifest by his observing, after taking a long look around him: "Well, this wouldn't answer for a Congregational church, anyway. There ain't a pew in th' whole place; an' here, in broad daylight, you couldn't see a hymn-book if you tried. I wonder what they'd say, Professor, to a bid for puttin' in a dynamo for 'em an' lightin' this dark old hole with electricity? An' it 'u'd take off a lot o' this chill an' dampness if they'd have a steam-heater put in at th' same time. It's enough t' give all hands rheumatism th' way cold creeps strike up your legs." But at this point Young's observations were cut short peremptorily by the hand that one of the guards laid across his mouth; which hint that it was desirable for him to keep silence was quite unmistakable.

This decided repression of Young's chattering no doubt was the more vigorous because we now were approaching the farther end of the temple, where loomed before us amidst the shadows a great idol set upon an altar-like throne. This figure, fully ten feet high, was a strange medley of grotesque and hideous carvings, that yet in its entirety was like a man; and so cruel and so ferocious was the general air of it that it well might inspire a very lively terror in simple souls. The most striking feature of the figure was a dismal skull, that was out-held from the region of the waist by two great hands placed there arbitrarily and without any relation to the figure's arms; and for a crest—repeating the motive of the gateway—it had two serpents' heads, the bodies pertaining to which were twisted and involved about the whole mass. For eyes, this evil thing had large and gleaming green stones—being, in truth, emeralds, though I did not at that time recognize them as such; and golden serpents, very beautifully wrought, were twisted about it; and a collar of golden hearts was hung around its neck over a sort of apron of shining green feathers; and feathers of a like sort rose above the heads of the serpents in a thick plume; and over every part of the figure were scattered glittering objects—emeralds, and disks of gold, and scraps of mother-of-pearl, and fragments of obsidian—whence shone through the heavy shadows faint, shimmering points of light. In one of its outstretched hands the figure held a bow, and in the other a bunch of arrows—but even without these unmistakable attributes I should have known from the skull and from the serpents' heads that this fierce and hideous idol represented the god Huitzilopochtli: the first divinity, and throughout the whole time that their bloody religion endured the principal divinity, that the ancient Mexicans adored. Young did not venture to speak aloud again, but he turned to me with a long sigh and whispered earnestly: "That certainly is, Professor, the very ——est thing I ever saw."

As I knew, it was in keeping with the Aztec customs that prisoners taken in war thus should be brought first of all before the god Huitzilopochtli that they and their captors together might do him reverence; therefore I was not surprised when a priest came forth from behind the altar and bade us prostrate ourselves in adoration of the idol. As this order was given, all the Aztlanecas with us bowed themselves to the floor; but Young, who did not understand the order, and I, who felt my gorge rising at the thought of thus humbling myself, remained erect. However, we did not continue through many seconds in that position, for a couple of soldiers instantly laid hands upon each of us, and by shoving our shoulders sharply forward and at the same moment kicking our legs from under us, they summarily laid us face downward full length upon the floor. As for Rayburn, they seemed to be satisfied with his recumbent position upon the stretcher; at any rate, they suffered him to remain as he was.

While I lay prone, quivering with rage at the double indignity of being thus roughly handled and of being compelled even in form to worship a disgusting idol, I heard an odd little pattering upon the stone floor, and then something cold and clammy was thrust against my hand, and at the same instant I heard close beside me a curious snuffling noise; and while a glad doubt, that I scarce ventured to give way to, was rising within me the clammy thing was taken away from my hand, and there straightway rang out through the gloomy silence of the temple a thunderous braying that seemed fairly to shake the walls. There was no mistaking the voice of the friend who with this triumphant blast welcomed me; and as I heard it there came into my heart a sudden glow of hope that Pablo, and that even Fray Antonio also, might still be alive. And this hope was destined to be immediately and most joyfully realized; for as we rose to our feet again I saw the lad standing, with El Sabio beside him, not a dozen feet away from me, and a little beyond them was the monk—his face all lighted up with a bright look of happiness and love. And seeing these three once more standing alive and well before me was the most amazing and also the very gladdest sight that ever met my eyes.

It was a sore trial to me that I could not immediately hold converse with Pablo and with Fray Antonio, and so come to know through what adventures they had passed and by what miracles their lives had been saved; but the ceremony in which our captors were engaged was but half completed, and the better to assure our orderly conduct during its continuance we were kept asunder in the procession that then was formed—the object of which procession, as my knowledge of the Aztec customs led me rightly to infer, was that the ceremonial of triumph might be ended by leading us thrice around the sacrificial stone. And in truth I dreaded less the fate which this leading us about the altar of sacrifice implied was in store for us than I did the close association, made necessary by the ceremony, with the direful stench which that vile altar exhaled.

At the edge of the amphitheatre, where already the evil odor was almost overpowering, the soldiers who had charge of us relinquished us—as it seemed to me, most thankfully—to a company of the temple priests; whereof the chief was a round, fat little man whose shortness of legs very obviously was accompanied by a corresponding shortness of wind. He was, in truth, a most hopelessly undignified little personage; yet he did his best to assume a look of dignity as he waddled down the steps in advance of us, and he manfully endeavored to conceal the difficulties encountered by his short fat legs in the course of this descent. And I was glad enough that we had his absurd performances to distract our minds a little from the dismalness of our surroundings, and especially from the queasiness that again beset our stomachs as our noses were assailed more and more violently by that most evil smell. The priests, I observed, had cotton stuffed in their nostrils; but for us there was nothing for it but to hold our noses tightly with our hands.

El Sabio, who had a most generous and broadly open nose, and who was not blest with hands to hold it fast with, grew restive as the first whiff struck him; which resulted less, I suppose, from the intrinsic vileness of the smell than from the fact that he, in common with all peace-loving animals, had aroused in him an instinctive terror by the odor of blood. Pablo's voice and Pablo's touch possibly might have soothed and quieted him; but the efforts which the priests who were leading him made to restrain him only served the more to terrify him and so to increase his violence. And the priests, who now for a considerable time had seen him daily and had known him only as the most gentle and biddable of creatures, were mightily astonished, and evidently were terrified, by this sudden outbreak of a fierce temper that most reasonably took them entirely by surprise. Partly by pulling at the rope that they had about his neck, and partly by such pushes as they dared to give him while he was momentarily at rest, they succeeded in forcing him down the steps, and so at last into the large circular space at the bottom of the amphitheatre in the midst of which stood the stone of sacrifice—and where the smell of blood was overpoweringly strong. But by the time that this victory was won El Sabio had ceased to be a quiet orderly donkey, accustomed to conform to the usages of human society, and had become a veritable crazy creature inflamed by the madness of fear and rage.

By some miracle—a very happy miracle for those whom the poor ass most naturally regarded as his tormentors—El Sabio's nimble heels had until this moment lashed the air harmlessly; but just as the last step downward was accomplished he let out both of his hind legs together, and with such precision that both of his hoofs struck a remarkably tall priest who had taken a very active part in persecuting him. The blow was landed fairly on the tall priest's stomach; and instantly the two long halves of that priest shut together like a jack-knife, and he fell to the ground with a gasp that told how thoroughly the wind was knocked out of him. Doubtless this outburst of violence served but to increase El Sabio's terror, for he straightway gave so strong a plunge that he fairly broke away from the men who were holding him; and then he bent all his energies to working such destruction as never was worked by one single ass since the very beginning of the world!

Fortunately for our own safety—for El Sabio was in no condition to discriminate between friends and foes—we still were at some distance from the bottom of the amphitheatre when this outbreak occurred; the greater part of the priests having preceded us, and El Sabio having been led in the van of the prisoners. It was wholly upon the priests, therefore, that his mad rage was expended; and the way that he "got in his work," as Young expressed it, on these enemies of his and ours was a joyful wonder to behold! Being closely penned in—for the way whence they had entered the amphitheatre was barred by the crowd of which we were a part, and the entrance to the subterranean passage leading to the temple was closed—the priests had no chance to escape from the furious creature save by clambering up the smooth wall, fully eight feet high, by which was enclosed the circular space that immediately surrounded the altar. Even an agile man, going at it quietly, would have found a little difficulty in executing this gymnastic feat, that required for its accomplishment sheer lifting of the body until a leg could be thrown over the top of the wall; and as these priests, for the most part, had grown fat and sluggish in their sacred calling they were wellnigh incapacitated from performing it. Furthermore, El Sabio manifested what had the appearance of being a most diabolical ingenuity—yet that, no doubt, was no more than chance—in delivering flying kicks against the legs of these dangling creatures: wherefrom such keen pain resulted that they instantly let loose their hold and came tumbling to the ground.

So far as we were concerned—our sympathies being wholly on the side of the ass—this astonishing spectacle remained a broad farce until the very end; but it presently became to the men engaged in it a very serious tragedy. In the course of his wild chargings El Sabio galloped backward and forward, again and again, over the bodies of his prostrate enemies; in the course of which gallopings his sharp little hoofs cut their naked flesh savagely, and now and then when he happened to land a kick fairly against a man's body we could see—from the sinking in of the fellow's ribs and the gush of blood that burst from his nostrils—that the ass had delivered a death-blow.

As for the noise that attended this most extraordinary performance, words can but faintly describe it. From the men directly engaged with El Sabio came yells of fear, and shouts for assistance, and cries of anger, beneath all of which was a dull undertone of groans; the crowd around us and higher up behind us gave vent to a shrill roar of shouts and yells that seemed to be partly in the nature of advice and partly the result of that instinct which prompts all barbarians to yell whenever anybody else yells, on general principles; Pablo interpolated a most despairing note in the way of beseeching cries of "B-u-r-r-o! B-u-r-r-o!" whereby he sought to allay El Sabio's frenzy, and so to save him from the direful fate that there could be no doubt must overtake him in recompense of his direful deeds; and Young fairly tossed his battered Derby hat up into the air as he shouted: "Go it, El Sabio! Give it to 'em, my boy! Ten to one against the fat priest! Three cheers for the jackass! Hip-hip-hurrah!" In short it seemed as though Bedlam had broken loose among us, and as though all of us together were going mad.

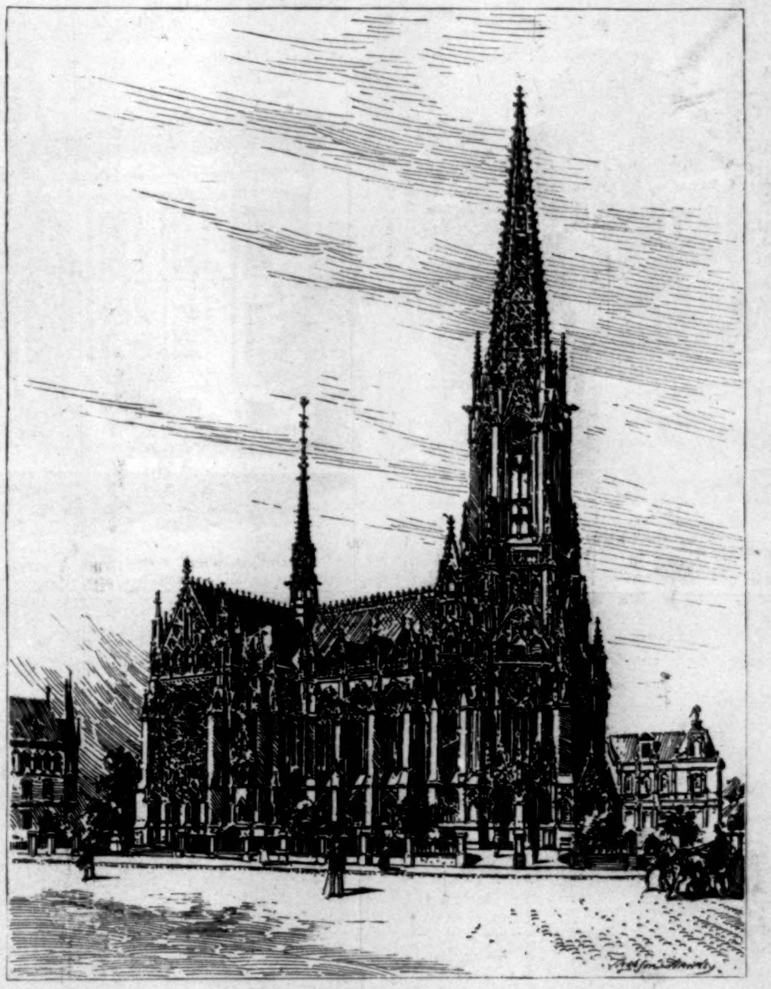
What with dodging behind his fellows, and keeping clear of El Sabio's frantic charges by the display of an agility that I would not have given him credit for, the little fat priest managed to preserve his small round body unharmed until all of his companions had either escaped over the wall or had been, as Young put it, knocked out by El Sabio's heels. Once or twice he had made a dash for the passageway in which we were standing; but the lower end of this was choked with the dozen or more badly wounded wretches who had crawled thither in their efforts to escape—and these the priests in front of us, being but cowardly creatures, had made no effort to succor or lift away, for the reason that so long as this barrier remained, they themselves were safe from El Sabio's fury.

Having, therefore, no longer any one to hide behind, the fat little priest evidently realized that his only hope of salvation lay in making an effort, truly heroic in one of his height and girth and woful shortness of wind, to clamber up the face of the wall; and to this wellnigh impossible task he most resolutely set himself. It was only by jumping that he was able to get a grip over the top of the wall; yet when this grip was gained he could get no further on his way to deliverance; and so he hung dangling there, his face to the wall, jerking his short fat legs about spasmodically and wasting in most piercing yells what little there was in him of wind.

It did really seem as though El Sabio's action in these premises was dictated by reason, for when he saw the priest in this wholly unprotected position he deliberately took his stand at precisely the point behind the little man where all of his kicking power could be most effectively used. There was a momentary hush as El Sabio thus placed himself, for every one perceived how very open was the priest to assault; and at the same time it was apparent that while El Sabio's kicks assuredly would be exceedingly painful, they were not likely to inflict upon the priest, while he remained in that attitude, a deadly wound. In an instant the two small heels flashed through the air, and there was heard a dull, soft sound—such as might come from the striking of an over-ripe melon with a heavy club—and with this burst forth a most piercing shriek of pain. Yet the little priest, knowing that his life depended upon it, most gallantly retained his hold. Again El Sabio kicked, and again a piercing shriek sounded; and one hand loosened for a moment and then clutched fast again. But when El Sabio kicked for the third time human nature was too weak to resist further against brute violence. With a yell that fairly cracked our ears, the priest let go his hold and fell downward and backward; and at that same instant El Sabio delivered a final kick that struck fairly on the head of the falling man and battered in his skull.

As for El Sabio, it seemed as though he himself was like to die in the very moment of his victory; for with a sort of groan that, coming from a brute beast, was most pitiful to listen to, the poor terrified creature, utterly exhausted by his fright and by his outlay of energy in furious violence, sank down panting by the side of the man whom he had slain.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT SPIRES.

FROM the hills surrounding Heidelberg, the "city old and lovely and rich in honors," the eye wanders over a fertile plain to the blue mountains of the Palatinate. From the midst of this vast plain there rise four massive towers close to the banks of the calmly flowing Rhine. These towers watch over the tombs of German Emperors and the once "imperial city" of Spires, where the rulers of five German states and fourteen imperial cities, in the name of conscience, entered that famous *protest* against the *majority* of the *Imperial Diet* on April 19, 1529. On that same date 246 years later, at Concord, Massachusetts, the shot was fired "heard round the world."

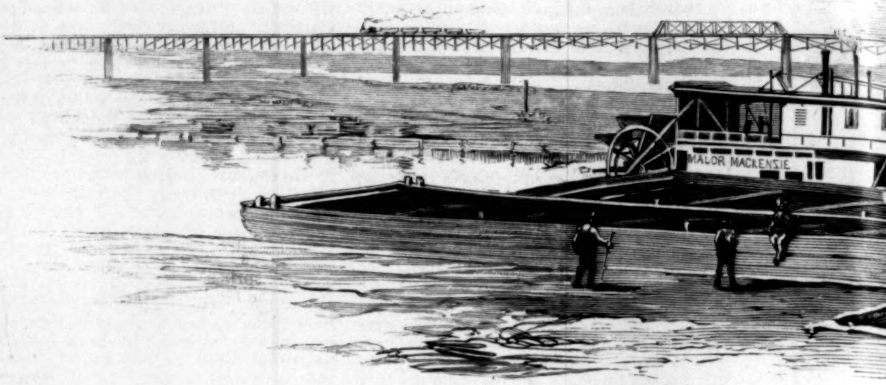
Many had before protested against the evils in the Church—Wycliffe in England; Waldo in Italy; in Bohemia, Huss. For centuries the voice of oppressed conscience and violated reason had been heard with increasing force. The Church and her pontiffs had officially acknowledged the existence of abuses, and solemnly promised a reformation of the Church in "head and members." The burning of Huss at the Council of Constance was no encouraging reply to the yearnings of the nations after a thorough restoration of the original Christian faith and practice.

Luther's ninety-five propositions against the abuses of the Church were followed by his excommunication by the Pope, and this in its turn was succeeded by his burning of the papal bull before the gates of Wittenberg and his daring protest at the Diet of Worms (1521) before Emperor and delegates. Then he was outlawed by the edict of Worms; he and his followers and his writings condemned to be burned. From the safe refuge of the Wartburg he answered with his translation of the New Testament into the language of the people. Soon the words and deeds of this bold monk flew through all countries on the wings of print, and such a tempest rose that the "old Church could not have outridden it, but for some sound roots of Christian life in some Romanic countries, and notably in Spain." From day to day the followers of the gospel and the friends of the reformers increased, not only in Germany and the Netherlands, but in every land of Christendom, even in far-off Spain. Meanwhile the man who had inherited Spain and the Low Countries through his mother, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel, had become Emperor-elect of Germany, and the sun never set over his vast dominions. The young Emperor was detained in Italy after the Diet of Worms. Francis I., King of France, afterward allied with Pope Clement, struggled with Charles for the supremacy in Italy. In the absence of the Emperor the first Diet of Spires was summoned for the adjustment of the religious controversy. But so strong had already grown the cause of the gospel that the decree of this Diet allowed the princes and subjects in German countries to settle religious affairs among themselves in such a way as they might hereafter justify before God and his imperial Majesty. Finally Charles succeeded in humiliating France, concluded peace with the Pope, and agreed to crush the rising heresy in the empire, with the support of the Pope, the prelates, and the Catholic majority in Germany.

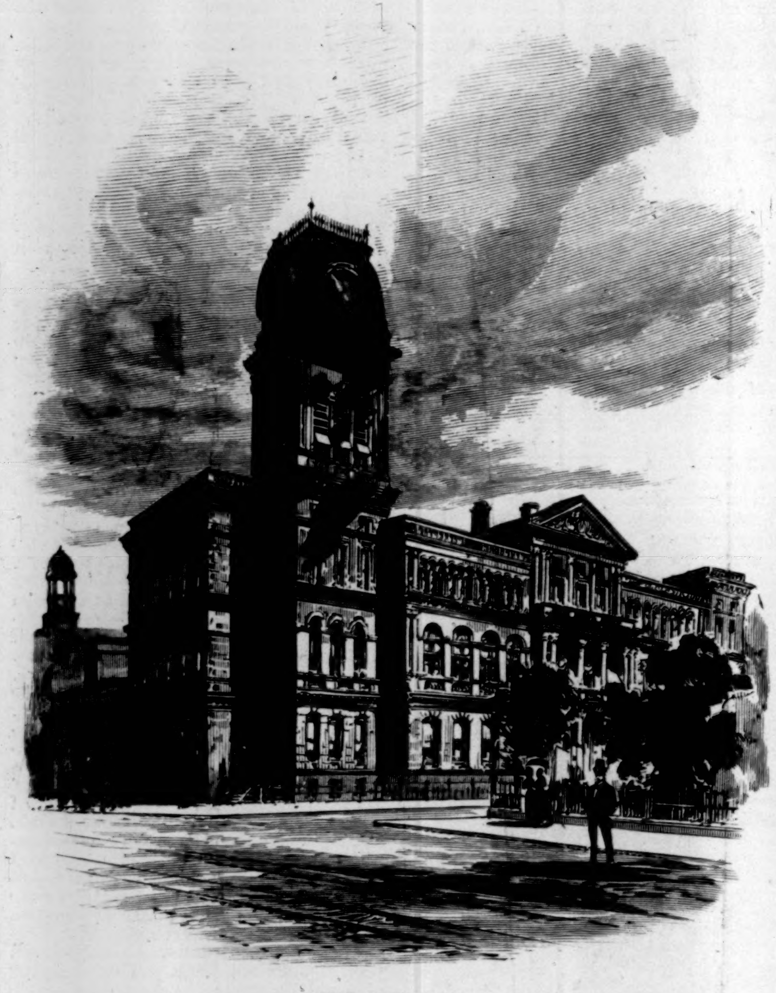
A new Diet was convoked at Spires in the spring of 1529, the Pope sending a delegate; the Emperor, his own brother Ferdinand. Then the crisis was at hand; already the cause of the gospel counted martyrs in great numbers. Could the young movement resist the combined power of the mightiest potentates on earth? The message of the Emperor announced that a General Council of the Church soon would be called to settle the disputed religious questions. Meanwhile he repealed and annulled the decree of the previous Diet at Spires, and forbade any further spread of the new doctrines. A certain majority of the members of the Diet was pledged for the interests of the Church. Hence the following propositions of the imperial commissioners were adopted in the committee, and passed by a large majority of the Diet: 1. The celebration of mass should thenceforth be permitted everywhere, when demanded by the adherents of the Church. 2. Nobody, under penalty of being outlawed, should refuse obedience or tithes to the clerical governments. 3. The followers of Zwingli and the Anabaptists should not be tolerated within the "peace of the Empire." The princes of the evangelical faith remonstrated that they and their subjects considered mass as idolatry, and could not permit its celebration without causing scandal and disorder. The delegates of the evangelical cities as strongly objected to what they considered a restoration of the jurisdiction of the bishops over their territory. They avowed that those very provisions of the former Diet at Spires now recalled had secured peace and order throughout the country. Nothing could prevent the action of the majority. Then, in the session of April 19th, the delegate of Saxony, in the name of five princes and fourteen imperial cities, read the following protest: 1. No majority has the right to enforce obedience in matters of religious conscience. 2. Nor has the Diet any authority to condemn any doctrine which is regarded as Christian truth by many of its members before the decisions of a General Council of the Church. All attempts at conciliation proved futile. King Ferdinand refused to accept the protest, which was on April 25th recorded in the house of a priest at St. John's Church, in St. John's Lane, at Spires, and soon after promulgated, receiving the assent of several other cities.

The signers of this famous *Declaration of Spiritual Independence* were the rulers of Saxony, Brandenburg, Brunswick, Anhalt, and Hesse, and the delegates of fourteen imperial cities, some of these most powerful and famous. Frankfort had signed, but withdrew its signature out of regard for the Emperor. There remained the important names of Strasburg, Nuremberg, Ulm, Constance, Lindau, Heilbronn, Augsburg, St. Gall, Memmingen, Tsug, and others, many of these favoring the views of Zwingli. Here Luther's followers and the friends of the gospel did on a large scale what Luther had done single-handed at Worms. It was the first organized declaration of a community of the evangelical faith who held truth dearer than life and prosperity. So great was the moral force of this protest that Emperor and Pope did not dare to use violence. The decrees of the second Diet of Spires did not destroy the young seed of the reformed faith. The gospel struck deeper roots, and won so many more followers, that at the next Diet of Augsburg (1530) Melanchthon was able to draw up the Lutheran Confession of Faith in the name of the evangelical Christians of Germany. Neither the sword of Charles, nor later the scourge of the Thirty Years' War, neither the resolutions of the Council of Trent, nor even the dissensions, errors, and excesses within the new movement, could frustrate the triumphal march of the victorious gospel through the world.

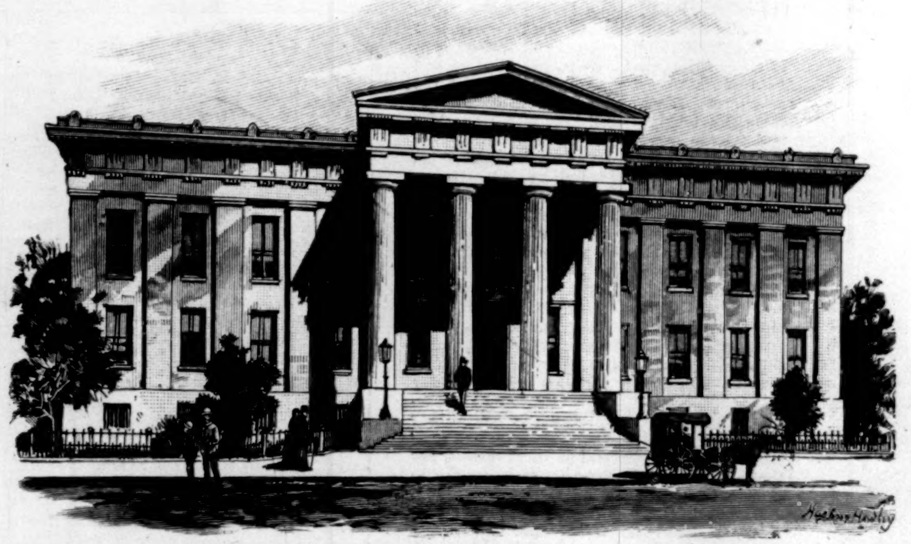
A few years ago a movement was initiated in Germany to worthily commemorate the heroic action of the protesting estates at the Diet of Spires of 1529, who saved the cause of the gospel in Germany and other countries from the terrible fate of the Romanic lands and Belgium. A general committee was appointed at Spires, consisting of all the members of the Evangelical Consistory of the Palatinate, the mayor of the city, and others. It was resolved to build, as an enduring monument, a church in which the pure gospel should be preached forever on the spot where that cause had found heroic defenders in the first Protestants. A sum of nearly $200,000 has been already secured in Germany and from all Protestant countries on the continent of Europe. The appeal to the evangelical fellow-Christians was signed by the first men of Germany—Count Moltke, the historians Ranke, Curtius, Treitschke, the leaders of church, press, literature, art, commerce, industry, the school, and the army. Of late an appeal has been made to the Anglican Church, and it is hoped that the powerful Protestant Church of America may send its contributions with its wonted generosity in the cause of the common faith. Those brave men at Spires protected the young faith both at home and abroad; without their protest our cause was lost, and Holland could not have sheltered the fugitive Pilgrims. Many English Protestants found refuge in the Protestant countries of the Continent, and Cromwell and the wise supporters of his policy were diligent in keeping the bond of union with Protestant Europe. Nor must we forget that from the Palatinate, through the persecution of its bigoted rulers, fled a large number of sturdy Protestants to our shores, helping materially to build up the State of Pennsylvania, as well as other parts of the republic, and leaving many honorable names in the annals of peace and war, of industry, commerce, and science.


MAJOR MACKENSIE

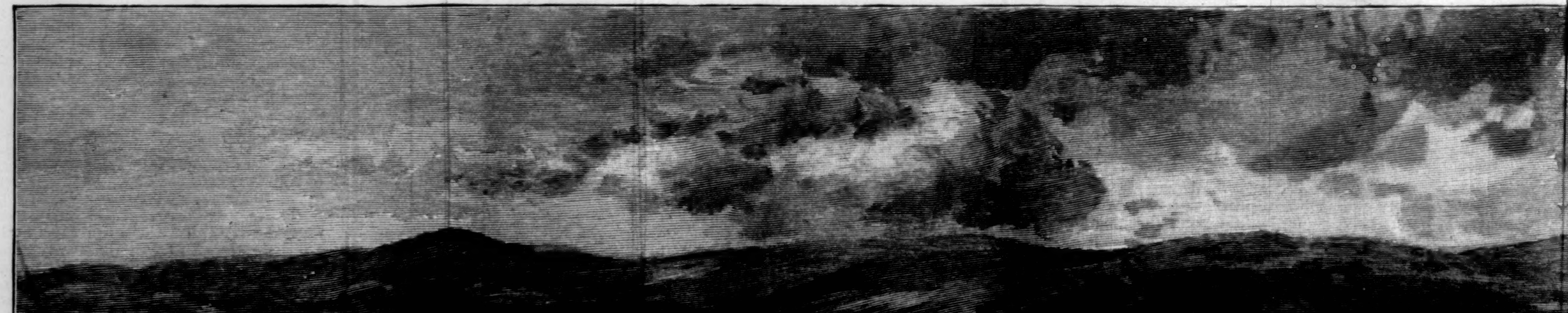
THE OHIO RIVER SHIP-CANAL, AND J., M.



THE CITY HALL.

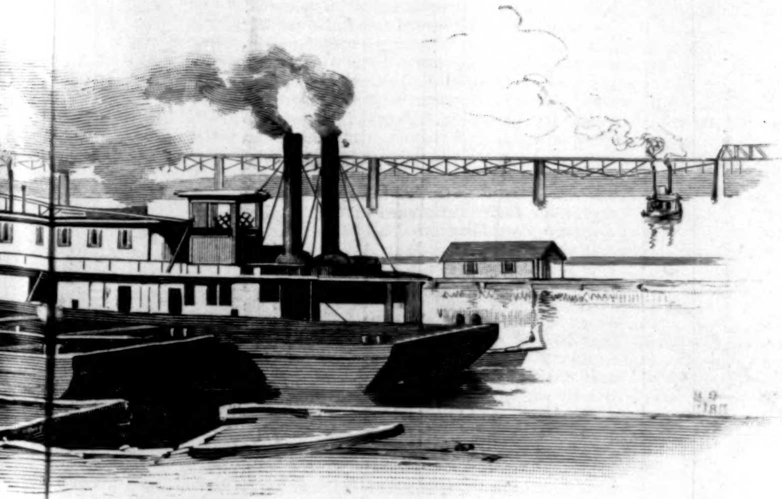


THE COURT-HOUSE.

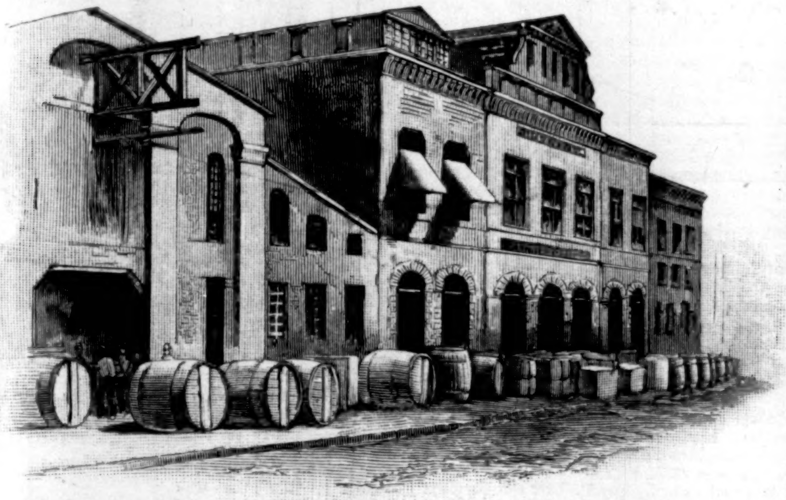


BIRD'S-EYE VIE

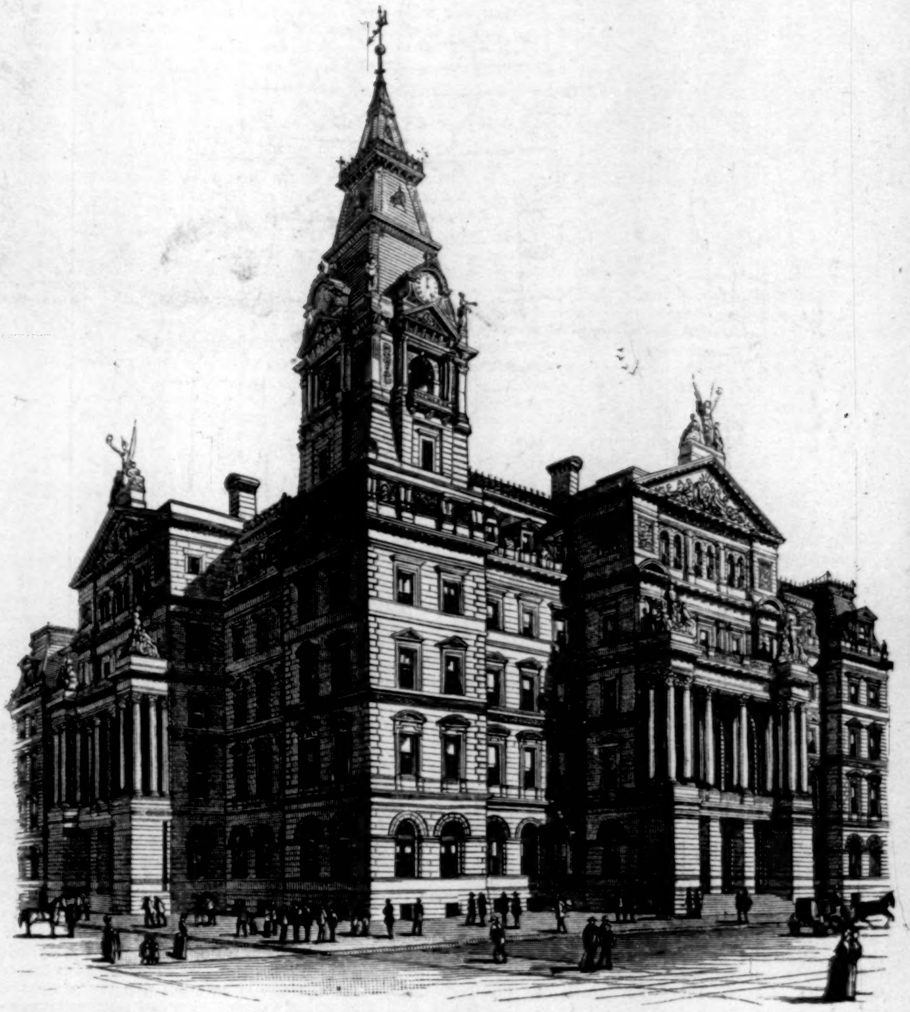
THE CITY OF LOUISVILLE AND ITS PUBLIC BUILDINGS BEFORE TH



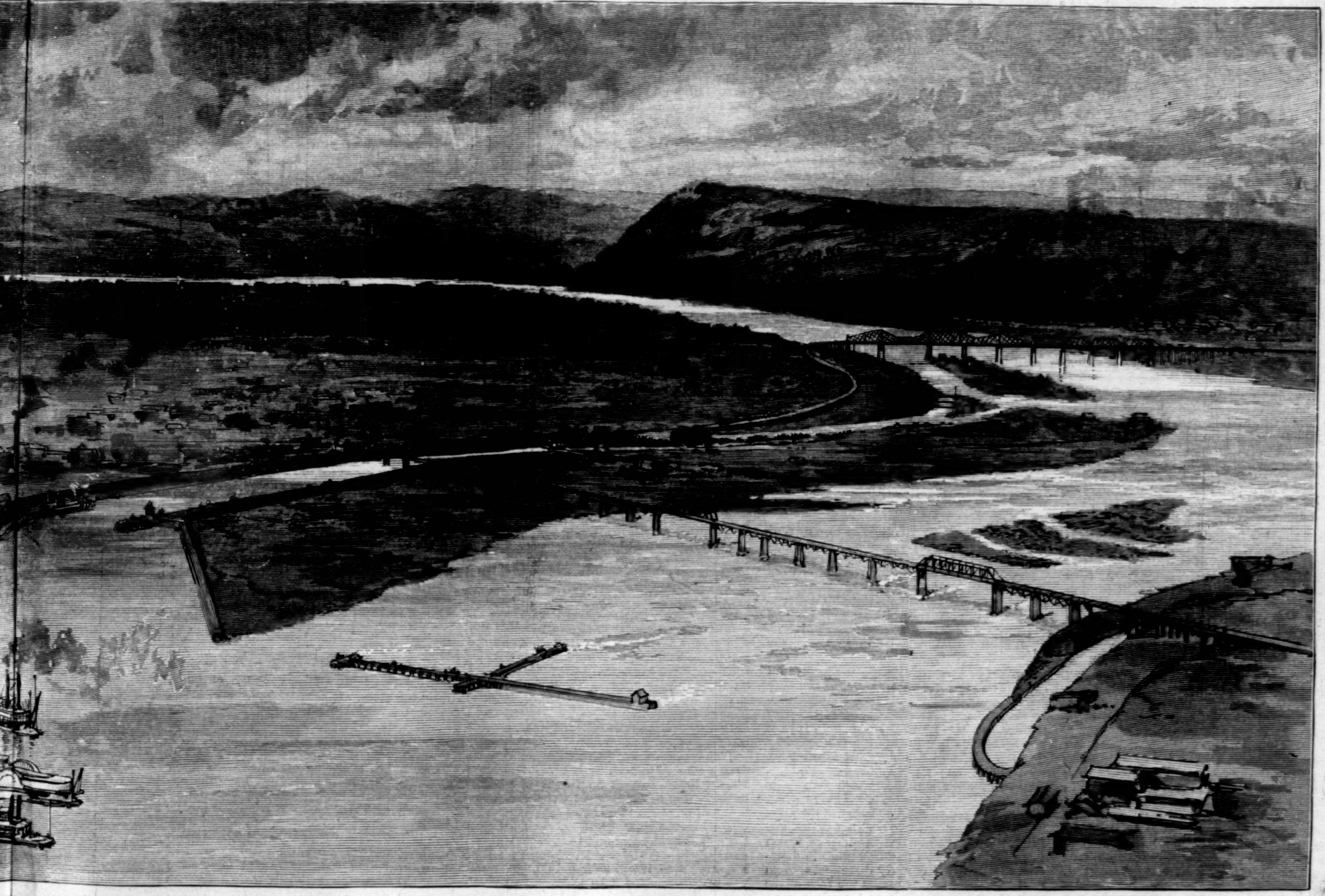
J., M., AND O. RAILROAD BRIDGE.



TOBACCO WAREHOUSE.

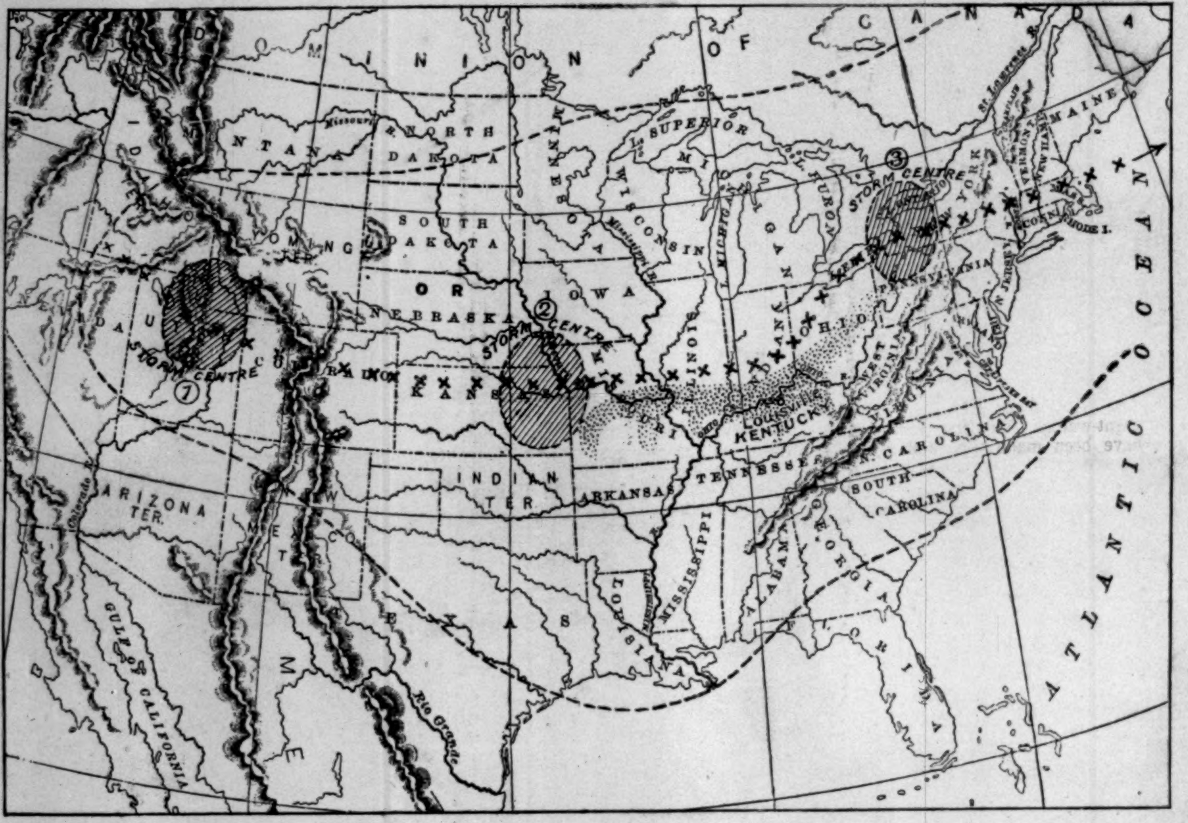


THE FEDERAL BUILDING.



VIEW OF THE CITY.

THE STORM OF THURSDAY, MARCH 27TH.—From Photographs.—[See Page 262.]



MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE GREAT STORM.

1. Storm Centre of Wednesday. 2. Storm Centre of Thursday. 3. Storm Centre of Friday. Dotted space : ·: : area of violent tornado action.

A MEMORABLE STORM.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

THE awful calamity at Louisville must again impress the public with the great importance of the science of tornado prediction. The only system of classification approaching adequate weather prophecy is that established in 1871 by the United States Signal Service. The weather predictions made by this organization are subject to an average of about thirty per cent. of failure, because of the great velocity with which at times storm centres move, and also owing to their retardation and even unexpected disappearance. It has long been known that the variations of weather phenomena are as innumerable as the possible variations that take place during a game of chess

Long study of the weather maps has revealed, however, the existence of some invariable attributes. The most important trait of the preceding map, drawn by Sergeant Dunn, in charge of the Signal Office at New York, is the immense area influenced by this great storm, which in its extent and progress caused high winds throughout most of the great region east of the Rocky Mountains. It caused a blizzard in the Northwest, and severe winds along the Atlantic coast. At 8 A.M., March 27th, the atmosphere of almost the entire United States was influenced by this storm centre—a relatively small circle of territory about two hundred miles in diameter. This condition was further illustrated by Sergeant Dunn, who has called attention to the immense extent of the disturbance, which covered all the Southern States except those having territory near the Gulf. The storm first appeared in the Sierra Nevada Mountains at 8 A.M., March 26th. Next morning, at the same hour, it had grown to be much more severe, with a wind velocity of seventy miles an hour in central Louisiana. On the following morning, Louisville having been partly destroyed the night before (the 27th, at 7.30 P.M.), the storm was central over Lake Erie, having moved about a thousand miles in twenty-four hours. It then went on off the coast, passing across northern New York on the evening of the 28th. All this time tornadoes of great violence had begun to be active in central Kansas, moving steadily eastward, through the region about Kansas City to St. Louis, Carthage, Bird's Point, and other places in Missouri. The groups of whirling monsters moved rapidly on into Illinois, striking hard blows at Metropolis, Cairo, Olney, Centralia, Centreville Nashville, Carbondale, and other towns and villages in that State. From there the destructive force extended rapidly into Ohio, injuring many small towns and going north of Cincinnati, not omitting various towns in Indiana as it sped on its way toward Kentucky. From Louisville, where the tornadoes attained their greatest power, the destruction was somewhat lessened, though the Eastern States still caught a part of it. Meanwhile rain extended as far north as Nebraska and as far south as the northern part of the State of Mississippi. At the same time a severe blizzard prevailed in northern Nebraska and southern Dakota.

While noting these disastrous tornadoes which have made their way eastward from Kansas City and St. Louis, let us glance at one of the best predictions ever made by the Signal Service, namely, one by General A. W. Greely, Chief Signal Officer, United States Army. On March 27th, at 3 P.M., he personally forecast severe local storms for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and last, but not least in importance, Kentucky In addition to these facts, he called attention to a severe "norther," or high north wind, to prevail in Texas. The term "severe local storms" means atmospheric disturbances, varying from the iron-pulverizing force of a tornado to the somewhat milder hail and thunder storms common in midsummer

During recent years there is only one storm centre approaching in severity the one which has resulted in the terrible devastation at Louisville, and that was the great storm of January 9, 1889, when parts of Pittsburgh and Reading were destroyed There is one storm, however, that far exceeded the power shown by either of those above mentioned, and that was the ever-memorable New York blizzard, which no doubt failed to manifest as much tornado-power as the others only because so much of its force was spent at sea, where it was known as a hurricane. Had this storm developed its greatest power on land, with sharp constrasts of hot and cold air over narrow land areas, its effect would have been even more frightful than in the present storm It is almost certain that in its tornado-breeding power this is the most severe storm on record. A tornado track half a mile in width at Louisville indicates almost unexampled fury when we consider its location, so far from the western centre of great tornado frequency and destructive power. The next greatest known loss of life caused by a tornado, with the exception of the present instance, which is the greatest on record, occurred, according to Lieutenant Finley's data, at Erie, Pennsylvania, July 26, 1875, when 134 lives were lost.

The only known case in which the purely atmospheric tornado-power at Louisville was equalled took place at Irving, Kansas, May 30, 1879, when two tornadoes within the hour swept through the little Kansas town, and almost destroyed it. The first tornado had hardly passed, and the citizens had just ventured from their places of refuge in cellars to congratulate one another on their escape from complete destruction, when another tornado, with a track one mile in width, darkened the sky and swept down upon the town, virtually wiping it out of existence for the time.

An important discovery due to study of the weather maps of the Signal Service is that of the tremendous velocity with which a storm centre sometimes moves toward the Atlantic coast, and yet without winds approaching the severity shown in the tornado-producing storms above considered. The swiftness of movement shown by the Louisville cyclone well illustrates this peculiar power of transition.

A good instance of the relation between a cyclone and its tornadoes—for a tornado may accompany a cyclone at an irregular distance, as the moon accompanies our earth—was pointed out by Sergeant Dunn, who said it was something like dragging a stick rapidly through liquid, little whirlpools forming on each side of the path in the water The formation of these whirlpools well represents the formation of tornadoes. The problem is, however, not so simple as that of the moving stick, because of two striking variations. First, when a cyclone or storm centre, which is usually about five hundred miles in diameter, moves in an easterly direction, like an oval disk progressing across the face of the map, the whirling winds, or tornadoes, nearly all form well to the southward, or along the southerly edges of the huge moving disk. Tornadoes are like the small whirlpools which form along the edges of the track of a moving steam-boat, with the curious exception that the tornadoes in the northern hemisphere nearly all form on the edge toward the equator. On Sergeant Dunn's map it will be observed that the cones representing tornadoes all developed on the side toward the Gulf of Mexico Lieutenant John P Finley, whose elaborate volumes upon the laws of tornado formation—a tremendous accumulation of data attained only by prodigious power of nervous endurance, like that shown by Edison in his ceaseless vigils—has still further advanced the science of tornado prediction by demonstrating that in several thousand instances recorded and studied by him, the tornadoes occurred in advance and southeast of the moving storm centre.

Sergeant Dunn and Professor Maxwell, of Rock Falls, Illinois, point out the fact that in special instances the tornadoes form in the rear of the cyclone. Sergeant Dunn especially emphasizes the possibility of this formation in the case of the Louisville tornadoes But it was only after thousands of tornadoes had been examined and classified by Lieutenant Finley that the law that most of them form southeast of the main storm was discovered It is well established that if owing to carelessness or indifference or the failure of Congress to furnish means to continue the Signal Service tornado record, the work is sure to be carried on by scientific men. Tornado averages will be continued as historical accumulations for centuries, until the probability of tornado formation will be relatively well known in every county in the United States for every day of the year.

It is, of course, impossible to entirely escape the destructive power of groups of tornadoes, but the growing definiteness of knowledge concerning their formation and their movement along definite tracks will in time rob them of much of the terror which they cause, and of much of their power to destroy human life It seems certain, looking forward, that the telegraph and various ingenious systems of optical signalling will herald the approach of a series of tornadoes with considerable exactness. But the destruction of property built above the surface of the earth must always be very great, and can only be evaded by tornado-insurance companies like those now organized in the Kansas centre of greatest tornado frequency. A heavy stone wall extending a few feet above the ground might be spared, but the attempt to construct upward such a wall would subject the building to possible destruction. The New York Post-office, the Equitable Building, and other massive structures in New York and other cities would be undoubtedly torn down by a tornado having the terrific power and width of track seen at Louisville. It is certainly the most destructive tornado, or series of them, on record west of Kansas.

The apparent increase in the number of destructive tornadoes in the region of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains is solely due to the increased size and population of our towns and cities. Undoubtedly when tornado statistics are carried forward for a thousand years and longer, which will certainly be done by successive generations of scientific men, it will be found that the number of tornadoes will be as fixed as the climate. Professor Cleveland Abbé has shown in an able article that the examination of nearly a hundred years of weather data fails to disclose the slightest indication of a change in the averages of meteorological phenomena. Lieutenant Finley's record also indicates that for a like period, including exceptional instances of tornado formation which took place about two hundred years ago, there is no evidence of either an increase or decline of tornado formation. Recent facts point to the conclusion that these terrible calamities in the Eastern States are more frequent than was supposed. The great number of tornadoes in Kansas has caused a careful anxious watch for their appearance in that region. Tornado phenomena are there so well known that very few of these destructive visitations take place unobserved, while in the Eastern States the shortness and narrowness of the tornado tracks cause fewer of them to be seen. For these reasons it begins to appear that instead of Kansas having about twice as many as New York State, the former only has an excess of one-third. The statistics are easily varied at least twenty per cent. by the increase of knowledge as to what constitutes a tornado. It will undoubtedly be varied still more by general public knowledge—during a passing cyclone—of the region in which its accompanying tornadoes may be expected.

But the most promising field of discovery in meteorology during coming centuries is the relation of cyclones and tornadoes to the upper air currents. While there are many indications that the surface currents reveal most of the storm and tornado movements in advance, yet it is an undoubted fact that aside from the want of Signal Service stations off the Atlantic coast and southward, the thirty per cent. of failure of the weather predictions is mainly due to defective knowledge of the movement, temperature, moisture, etc., of the upper air. Meantime it is important that Congress protect the Signal Service in its struggle for more light.

THE CITY OF LOUISVILLE.

IN the early beginnings of Louisville the flat-boatmen of the Ohio River found it necessary to make a portage around the falls of the Ohio, and as a result there was always a crowd of men at the landing-places during the navigable season of the year. On one of his many military expeditions in the valley of the Ohio, Colonel George Roger Clarke, in 1778, established a settlement of thirteen families at the falls. Two years later the town of Louisville was given legal existence by the Virginia Legislature. The name was chosen in honor of King Louis XVI. of France. From that time forward the town grew steadily with the development of the surrounding country and the growth of the river trade. By 1828 it had advanced sufficiently to become an incorporated city. During all the period of its most active growth its chief business was as a shipping-point for the towns of the interior, and although the manufacturing industry has grown enormously of recent years, yet the shipping business is still the leading feature. Shipping and manufacturing are so closely knit together, however, that it is practically impossible to separate them. In the matter of shipping and manufacturing, the tobacco industry here ranks first. It is claimed that one-third of all the tobacco grown in North America is handled by the warehouses of Louisville. There are in the city eighteen tobacco warehouses, thirteen rehandling establishments, sixteen manufactories of chewing and smoking tobacco, and seventy-nine cigar factories.

Statistics show that Louisville has 1100 manufacturing establishments, which employ 39,000 people, and turn out products valued at $65,000,000. The products in the manufacture of which Louisville claims superiority to the rest of the country are, in addition to tobacco, jeans, jeans clothing, cast gas and water pipes, ploughs, cement, oak-tanned leather, plate-glass, and fine whiskeys. In the production of this last-named article Louisville has a wide-spread reputation. What is asserted to be the largest wagon manufactory in the world is located here. The transportation facilities for the shipment of manufactured goods are exceptionally good by both rail and water. Some of the largest railway systems of the country have connections here, while in the matter of water transportation it is said that thirty navigable rivers are accessible from the Louisville wharves.

The city itself is pleasantly situated on the south bank of the Ohio River, at the head of that long stretch of tumultuous water known as the Falls of the Ohio. The falls are no longer a detriment to navigation, as the government long since built a canal around them. The largest steamers on the river can go through the canal without difficulty. The business part of the city lies near the river. The residence sections extend back over a broad plateau, which is elevated about seventy feet above the level of the river at ordinary stages of water. The streets cross one another at right angles, and so great has been the care bestowed upon them that in the summer they have the appearance of shaded drives in a park. Many of the houses that look out from the breaks in the long rows of well-grown shade trees are in the highest degree creditable to modern architecture, but the prevailing style of residence gives one the restful impression that the homes of Louisville were built with the one idea of comfort and convenience. As a rule, each house has a plot of ground of its own, and this plot is in almost every instance embellished with trees and shrubbery, and beautified with flowers. The effect upon the visitor who sees none of these things at home, but whose life is mostly spent in the barren streets of New York or Chicago, is indescribably restful and charming. One would, indeed, be justified in saying that the chief glory of Louisville is to be found in the beautiful residence thoroughfares.

In keeping with the natural beauty and social charm of the city is its high intellectual tone, the fame of which is by no means confined to the valley of the Ohio. The people are fully abreast of the mental activity of the times, as any one may learn who sees them at home, and who will take the trouble to visit their various institutions of learning. The public schools are attended by about 20,000 children, and their colleges and seminaries by a large number of students. The educational system is admirably supplemented by the Polytechnic Library, which has 40,000 volumes on its shelves, and which constantly seeks to enlarge its scope of usefulness in every available way. There are thirty-eight charitable institutions, which is claimed to be a larger number than can be found in any city of similar size in the country. The success that has come to the efforts of the people of Louisville to build up their city is a matter of gratification to every one who has been brought in contact with them, and in their new-found task of repairing the ravages of the great storm they will have the hearty good-will of all who know them.

"SEVEN BELLS!—SERVE OUT!"

Year in and out at half past eleven in the forenoon watch—seven bells—the ship's cook of a man-o'-war brings to the mainmast for inspection the dinner ration of the day. It is his hour of official triumph. He bears with him what he is pleased to consider a sea masterpiece. He is spick-and-span new in the uniform worn so little; point-device in shining leather and braided knife-lanyard, spotless in blue frock and bell-mouthed trousers, he poses at the break of the quarter-deck with the easy assurance of a *cordon bleu* whose skill fears no affront. He is calm and suggestive, often garrulous. But this is a mere disguise, a society manner, for five minutes later he will be stripped to a perspiring gantline, and be swearing like a Mahonese virago over his stew-pots and his favorite scouse-kettles. He will be damning all the eyes that ever watched a duff grow hard since Benbow's times, and be forgetful of the dignity that once permitted ships' cooks to call themselves his Majesty's officers, to wear brass buttons, blue coats, red waistcoats, kerchiefs, cocked hats, and smallclothes, and to swing at their port legs hangers, which were a little more than skewers, a little less than swords.

In these duller days he ranks with gunners' mates and quartermasters, though his pay is better and his authority less restricted. As an offset, his lot is a wearisome round of bean-baking and slush-saving. He rises early—usually about three in the morning—starts his fire, wooes Charley Noble, as his galley smoke-pipe is called, into "drawing" against the back draught of a bellying foresail, growls and is growled at till dewy eve, and then turns in with mind heavy over unsolved problems of beef and pork. His disposition is warped to sourness in so many ways that he has become, as was once said of a certain commodore, the most even-tempered man in the navy, for he is always angry.

At the mast, however, he represses his emotions, smooths his forelock, and presents his pannikin smoking hot. The sea grub steams savorily, and should the beans be done to a turn, and the mess pork be transmuted into melting silver, the officer of the watch is apt to linger over the inspection, and dull with its plunder the edge of sharpened appetite. If everything be right, the order to "serve out" is given; the cook returns briskly to his bailiwick, doffs his garb of ceremony, bawls out to the master-at-arms (Jimmy Legs, in sea parlance) that all is ready, and then with flashing skillet and reeking ladle excavates and lands from his coppers the rations allowed. These are secured by scullions—misnamed berth-deck cooks—who clatter and cackle at his call, and wrangle and harangue over the mysterious, scrimshawed toggles by which, in some occult way, the shares of the messes they represent are differentiated. By-and-by the coppers are emptied, the ovens—those inadequate ovens—are drawn, and a subdued murmur of expectant hospitality buzzes about the decks. There is a promise of festivity in the air, and blue-jackets gather in the gangways or about the hatches when mess cloths and tables are spread, ready to fall to valorously as soon as the bo's'n's mates pipe at eight bells to dinner.

And this, so far as rations go, ought to be the best sailor's dinner in the world. The American man-of-war's man is well fed, well clothed, well paid. His food is ample and varied, is the result of intelligent selection, of honest inspection, of kindly intention for his material well-being. In addition to the conventional salt beef, beans, pork, biscuits, "soup and bully," coffee, flour, sugar, dried apples, molasses, and the like, it includes nowadays butter, brawn, canned roast beef and mutton, ham, bacon, canned vegetables, salt fish, cocoa, and articles of a similar character. The possibilities of this ration are very great, but the system under which it is cooked and served is bad. At sea, as on shore, "God still finds the food, and the devil sends the cooks"; and this perversion of the good things of sea life will continue until a radical change is made.

Among many other reforms a proper school of cooking should be established, and every candidate ought to show his master's degree before being sent on shipboard. Modern galleys, stoves of sufficient capacity, should be furnished to every ship afloat; an experienced baker ought to form part of each vessel's complement; the drawing and service of the rations for the whole ship's company should be superintended by one responsible person with competent assistants; and efficient cooks should replace in every mess the ignorant enlisted men who now serve in turn, and, as a rule, unwillingly. The intervals between meals should be greater, and hot coffee ought to be served out once in every night-watch. All these recommendations have been made time and again to Congress and to the Navy Department, and though exhaustive reports have been sent in by commanding officers for the consideration of the various Secretaries, no settled plan has been adopted for "the employment and instruction of cooks in the navy."

In port the sea ration is three or four times in the week replaced by fresh meat and vegetables, and at stated hours each day bumboat women are allowed to sell, under the inspection of the ship's police, a variety of those compounds which run the gamut from unfathomable pies to weird sausages. In some ships the crew is allowed to buy beer, each man being limited to one bottle at dinner and supper time, providing his sobriety and general good conduct warrant the privilege. The spirit ration was abolished during the war, and in lieu of the traditional tot of grog, every person from the admiral to the Jack of the Dust is at sea allowed five cents daily. The total value of a ration is thirty cents per day, and this is so liberal that the allowance for twelve men will easily satisfy fifteen. The rations left undrawn are paid in money to the mess caterer, the commutation being permitted only upon the distinct understanding that it shall be expended for articles of food not provided by the government.

Commuted rations can no longer be used to enhance the wages of cooks or other persons in the navy; and under the new system the crew is not subjected to the exactions of the days when the ship's cook of a frigate would at the cruise's end have received more dollars than the commodore. Wastefulness and deterioration of food are avoided, and, so far as can be arranged, the rations are uniform on all stations, and supplied from a central depot at home. In chemical and physical values the food is amply sufficient for every demand that may be made upon it under varying circumstances, and all needed in our service now is for some maritime Alexis Soyer to rise in his culinary might, keelhaul all the old cooks, and send to every ship afloat trained men who know the difference between other things than salt-junk and dried-apple duff, between boiled beans and sea pie.

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

MILLINERY LANE.

How many of the army of women who daily frequent the great uptown marts of fashion are aware that within a rifle-shot of the New York City Hall is a thoroughfare which in most part is devoted exclusively to milliners and millinery, which for at least a half-century has been the centre of that industry, and which even to-day turns out more than enough hats, bonnets, and other articles of feminine head-gear to supply the entire population of the Middle States? The thoroughfare is Division Street. It reaches to the northeast from Chatham Square, where the elevated railroads of the east side form a colossal X in iron and steel. It is one of the old streets of the city. It was popular and populous when the Bowery was lined with huge shade trees and fertile kitchen-gardens; when Canal Street was practically the city line, and the Five Points were part of a noisome marsh that reached from Baxter Bend to the East River.

Despite its commercial activity it shows all the telltale marks of age. The buildings, though substantial and comfortable, are old-fashioned and queer. The Connecticut brown-stone, which has been used about doors and windows, has scaled and split until the pristine designs are utterly obliterated; the bricks have absorbed so much dirt and dust through the years, and have so long suffered the attacks of mould and fungoid growths, that they have gained the dark, warm tones so familiar in old European cities, and so rare in the new municipalities of the American continent. Even the windows show the wear and tear of time. Not in the store fronts, where cheap plate-glass and gaudy metal are everywhere, but in the upper windows, where the hand of fashion has never come. The sashes are so old and dry as to seem almost gray. Many of the panes have "weathered" until they have become prismatic in appearance, displaying odd circles of red and gold, green and blue, as if they were changing into mother-of-pearl. The pavement is rough and uneven, and the sidewalks, under the attrition of millions of feet, smooth, and even here and there worn through to the soil beneath.

There is a tradition that it was once considered a beautiful thoroughfare. If it was so, things have changed greatly for the worse. Its present traffic consists almost altogether of trucks and drays, hucksters' wagons and peddlers' carts. Through it, never ceasing, surges a vast stream of foreign laborers who have made the east side their home, carrying with it the human flotsam and jetsam of the Fourth and Sixth wards, better known to the reader, perhaps, as the "Bloody Fourth" and the "Bloody Sixth."

Overhead runs the Second Avenue Elevated Railroad, filling the place with noise, darkening the street below into a perpetual twilight, and, in spite of the endeavors of the conscientious corporation by which it is owned, dropping a delicate deluge of oil, hot water, dirt, coal, and iron upon the heads of the luckless passers-by beneath. For almost two long blocks the street is a line of millinery stores. It has been so for more than fifty years, and in its growth has well illustrated the changes of New York life. At first its residents and shopkeepers were Americans, with an occasional representative from England and France.

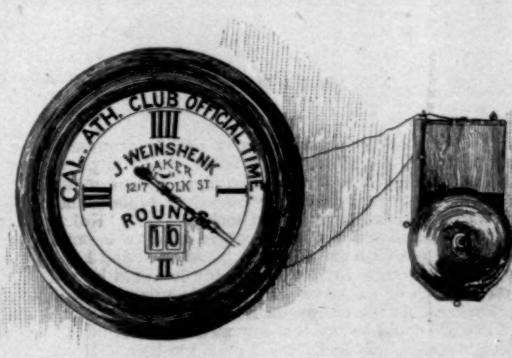
In those days it was a fashionable street for shoppers, and had among its patrons the rich people of the city and visitors from other parts of the land. With the Irish hegira to the New World it began to fall from its lofty estate, and to assume new characteristics. Erelong there were Hibernian milliners and Milesian styles, and Biddy began to drive her mistress to magazines further up town. Germany next stamped its mark upon Division Street, to be followed in quick succession by Austria, Scandinavia, Poland, Russia, and Roumania. Among all these races the thriftiest element has been the Hebrew. He or she—because in the millinery business the two sexes meet on equal footing—has slowly driven the Gentile competitor to the wall, so that the millinery trade of Division Street to-day, whether American, Irish, Teutonic, Slavonic, or Italian, is almost entirely controlled by the shrewd and enterprising Israelite. A majority of the shops keep closed on Saturday, and do business, though through side doors, on Sunday. Everywhere are signs written in Hebrew characters, while now and then are heard the broad vowels, heavy gutturals, Semitic aspirates, and rolled *r's* of the jargon, language or dialect.

A stroll through the street is of endless interest and information to any one who enjoys the study of human nature. In the fierce rivalry of trade no stone is left unturned to succeed in business. There is hardly a taste, custom, prejudice, or class but what is appealed to by the shops. One tries to gain the custom of the great crowd of women who follow the mode set by Paris. Hardly a design appears upon the boulevards of the French capital but what is duplicated within thirty days thereafter in the show-cases of Division Street. Another tries for the patronage of those afflicted with Anglomania; for, strange to say, this singular social disease is nearly as prevalent among women as among the *jeunesse dorée*. Heavy and substantial wares are offered which suggest at first sight the highest development of cockney art. A third shop caters to the actress, and that large contingent to whom the ordinary thespian is a demi god or goddess. Here are Fedora hats, Mary Anderson bonnets, and Lillian Russell Gainsboroughs. In fact, there is scarcely any actress of prominence whose name does not lend distinction to some style of woman's head-wear. Here widows and other bereaved members of the sex can procure appropriate mourning apparel for their heads. Here also can any nationality procure the hats and caps worn in their own homes in Europe. Here Quakers, Shakers, and country people can obtain the curious patterns which are hardly obtainable elsewhere. Another noteworthy feature is the utilization of second-hand goods. In some shops these are sold for what they are, without concealment; in others they are cleaned and repaired, and then put upon the counters as "misfits," "shop-worn," or "bargains from auction sales." Many a maid of an extravagant mistress here turns an honest penny by selling the masterpieces of Fifth Avenue studios, which have been once or twice worn and then thrown away. Not infrequently actresses and singers, and even wives and maidens, who are temporarily pressed for money, here raise the wind by disposing for a mere song of hats and bonnets bought of famous makers in more prosperous hours.

And everything is cheap; in many cases, too cheap. Imitation goods predominate to a very large extent. Seemingly strong and solid frames are made of the flimsiest materials, and fall to pieces in the first rain-storm. "Genuine silk" ribbons prove to be spurious wares from French and German looms, where counterfeiting is a fine art, and commercial honesty is regarded as a pleasing fiction of an effete past. Yet, to be just, there is but little disguise or concealment made in the premises. The customer, a poor domestic servant, a poorer mechanic's wife, or a still poorer sewing-girl, is bound to have the greatest display for the least money, and the shopkeeper merely gratifies her desire. This love of barbaric and cheap display runs through every show-case. Probably nowhere else in the world can be seen such shocking contrasts in color, such startling shapes and misshapes, and such incongruous combinations of material. Yet these are demanded by a countless throng of girls and women, to whom they represent the highest beauty and the most exquisite fashion.

Nearly every one of these shops is a school of instruction in the milliner's art. In some the scholars receive nominal wages for the work they perform. In others no compensation is made, the tuition being regarded as a just equivalent for the labor and services rendered. While in still others, and especially the more fashionable, or, rather, the more prosperous ones, a regular fee is charged to all who wish to learn. These pupils or apprentices are assiduity itself. They are in their work-rooms as soon as the shutters are taken down in the early morning, and remain until late in the evening, long after the day's business is over. They master their calling in anywhere from three months to a year, and then become clerks in more fashionable establishments uptown, or else open little shops of their own. Many go to other cities, and more particularly to the rapidly growing communities of the West, while but a few make much money. The vast majority earn a handsome livelihood while working in their own behalf.

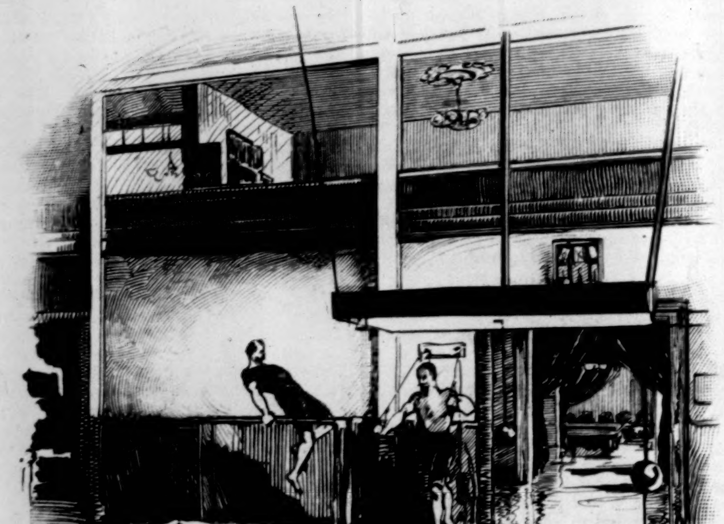
Behind proprietors and apprentices are the working-women. These have steadily gone down in the race of life. They are usually women too poor to do business on their own account, and too old or too troubled with domestic ties to stand any chance of preferment. Their condition is always pitiable, and in some instances heart-rending. Working twelve or fourteen hours a day, they are seldom able to make more than four dollars a week, and in numerous cases three, and even less. The competition of the apprentices on the one hand, and the more terrible competition from the ever-increasing hordes of newly arrived foreign male and female sewers, promises to still further reduce these starvation wages. It will surprise many to learn that this evil is not confined strictly to Division Street, and that the great fashionable establishments uptown have within the last five years become large employers of this kind of labor. There must be a profound industrial change going on in the metropolis when Division Street is being spiritually removed to Fifth Avenue.



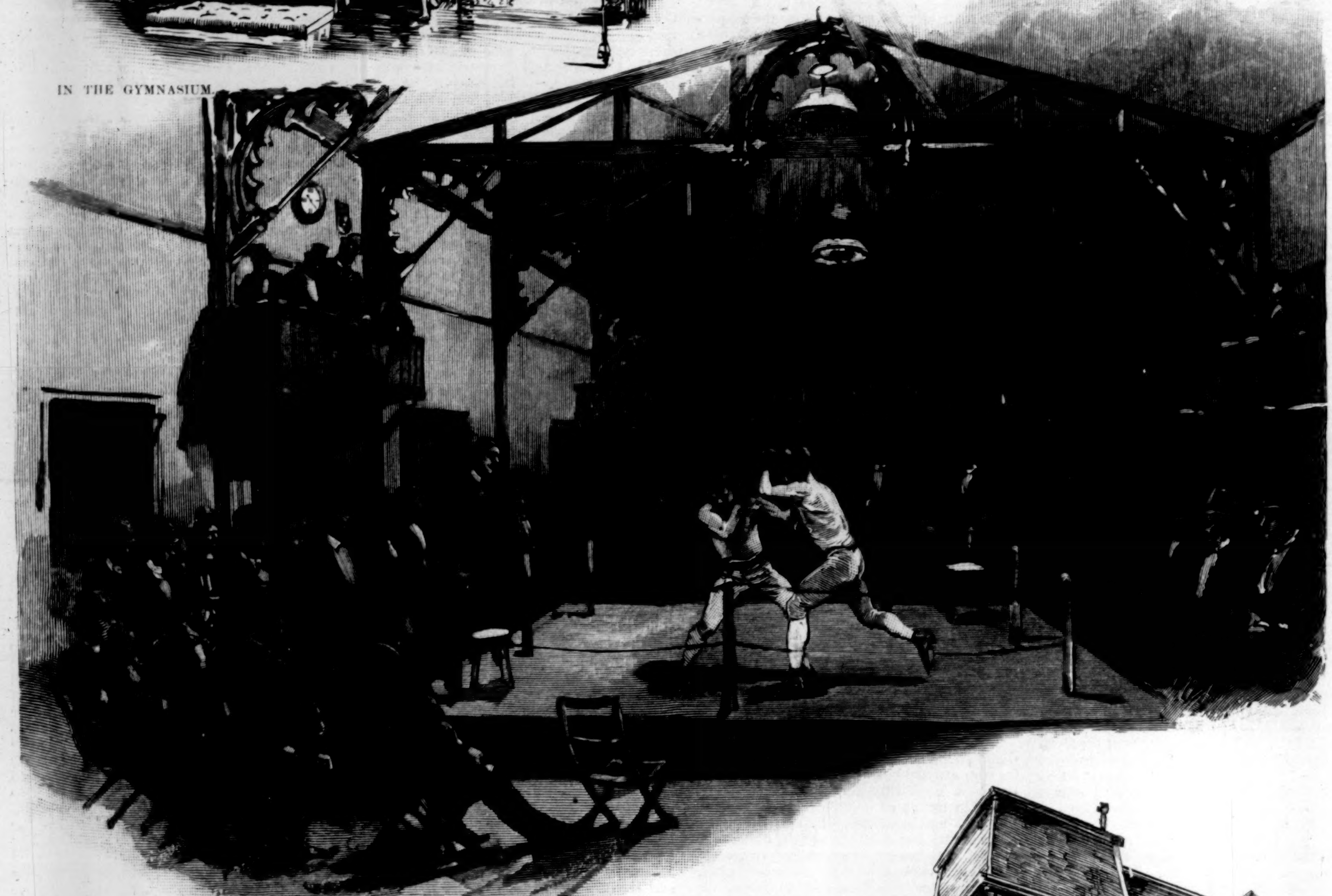
A REMARKABLE ATHLETIC ORGANIZATION.

The California Athletic Club, of San Francisco, is conceded to be the richest athletic club in the world. It has a membership of about 1700, comprising the cream of clubbable men on the Pacific slope. The prime object of the club is to promote athletic sports in general, consistent with beneficial results to the members. Boxing is considered more beneficial than any other exercise by the club, and is given most attention. There are three boxing masters engaged by this club to impart the science of the "manly art" to those desirous of becoming proficient in the use of nature's weapons of defence. Each instructor has earned his remunerative position through one or more "finish" or "virtual finish" encounters before this club, defeating almost all the best men of his class. These instructors are Peter Jackson, formerly of Australia, called by some the "Billy Edwards" of his day; Professor McCarthy, whose latest achievement was the defeat of "Denny" Kelleher in twenty rounds; and the other, the invincible middle-weight, Jack Dempsey. Of course Dempsey did receive one set-back at the hands of La Blanche, the "Marine," which he, Dempsey, attributed to his not being in condition.

The California Athletic Club prides itself on having the best-equipped gymnasium in



IN THE GYMNASIUM.



A SPARRING MATCH.

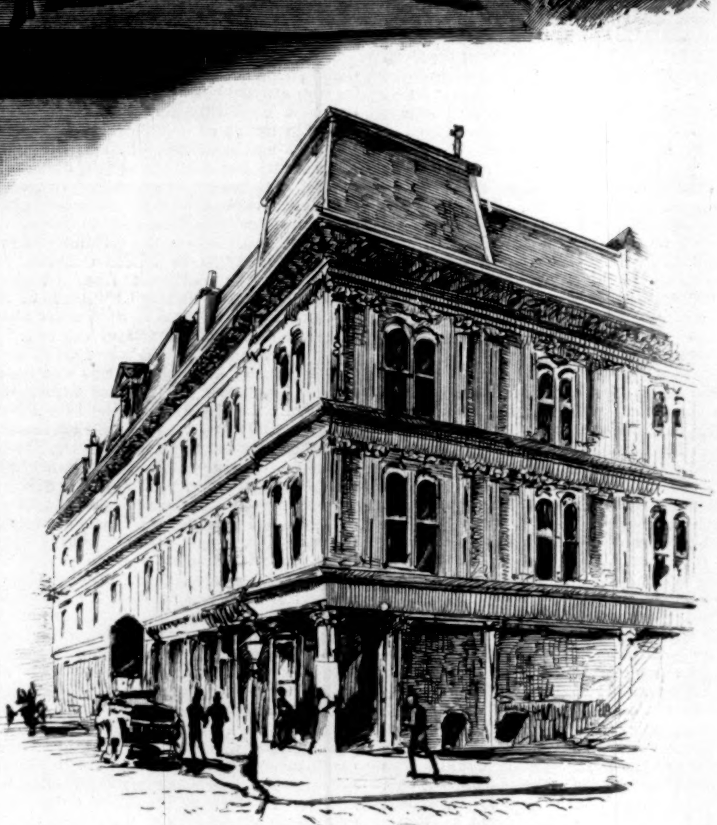
the country, consistent with accommodations for over 1500 to exercise at the same time. The club-house is situated on New Montgomery Street, in the city's centre, and within three blocks of the Palace Hotel. It is three stories high. The ground-floor is occupied by stores. The second floor is occupied by the gymnasium, billiard and pool rooms, private sleeping and sitting rooms, bath-rooms, and lockers. The third floor is one large exercising-room, perfectly lighted and ventilated, where many a famous match has been brought to an end, and championships and fabulous purses won and lost. None but members are admitted to these contests. In New York city it would be wellnigh impossible to attempt to bring off a match of the same proportion, because of a lack of finances and owing to police interference. At the California Athletic Club it has been authoritatively stated that a purse of $25,000 could be raised at any meeting as a prize to be contested for. During the past sixteen months about $50,000 in purses has been paid over to contestants. Jackson is under contract with the California Athletic Club not to appear in any contests (exhibitions excepted) unless sanctioned by the club or under its auspices. The police authorities have never interfered with any contest at this club. The Chief of Police is an *ex officio* and the Sheriff is a regular member of the club. The club pays an annual license to the city authorities of $3000, for which the Board of Supervisors expressly stipulate the privilege of having private contests with the gloves to a finish.

Members are admitted to these contests upon the presentation of membership tickets (except where the member is under twenty-one years of age), which are issued to each member; the only other spectators, besides, of course, the contestants and their "seconds," or "handlers," are the press representatives. The "stage," or "ring," used at these contests is of the regulation size, twenty-four feet square, elevated six feet from the floor, solidly constructed, and in the centre of the hall or armory, used as occasion requires. Around this ring are ranged tiers of seats, rising, twenty rows in height, from the floor almost to the ceiling, thus affording unobstructed views and accommodation for over 1500. Immediately over the "ring" is a powerful electric arc light, which makes every movement of the contestants visible from every part of the room. On one side of the room and near the ring is located the press stand, with telegraph, messenger, and other requisite conveniences. No one is allowed on the stage, or platform, during a contest except the two principals and referee.

A very essential and convenient innovation is the electric or automatic timing clock, with gong attachment, which stands at one end of the room. When the gong strikes, the "seconds," or "handlers," immediately leave the platform, and take seats in chairs below the contestants' corners until the round is over. The clock registers four minutes—three for work, and one for rest. Two of the directors of the club sit at the corners of the ring, near the contestants, to see that no one gives advice or anything else to combatants from the audience. A member found guilty of this offence forfeits his membership in the club. Great care is taken in choosing competent men to judge the contests. Hiram Cooke, a gentleman lover of boxing, is generally chosen referee by the Board of Directors, and is the only one receiving compensation for his services, he receiving fifty dollars for each contest. William Jordans is generally found officiating in his very fitting capacity of master of ceremonies. The latest notable contest given under the auspices of this club was between Jack McAuliffe, of New York, and Jimmy Carroll, who is in the employ of the California Athletic Club, which occurred on March 21, 1890. McAuliffe was awarded the victory by Hiram Cooke, the referee, which decision carried with it a purse of about $13,000.

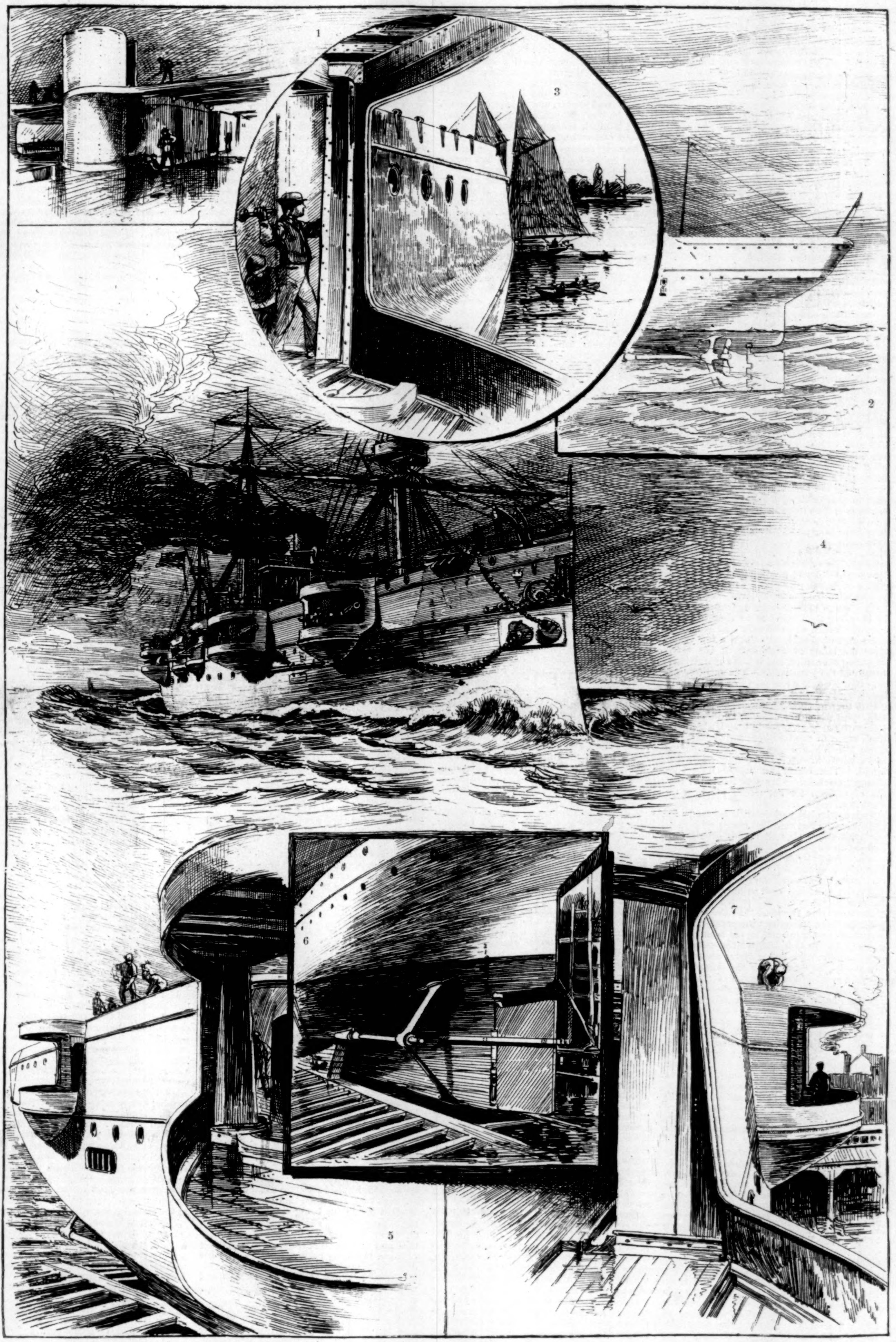
The wrestling master of the club is Joe Acton, styled by defeated competitors the "demon wrestler." The officers of the club are L. R. Fulda, president; R. B. Mitchell, vice-president; F. Vernon, secretary; J. D. Gibbs, treasurer; A. Wyman, superintendent; and William Robinson, assistant secretary. The Board of Directors are William R. Vice, George Ross, John Ferguson, Edward Fay, Frank McLaughlin, G. L. Fish, J. F. Coffey, and Colonel A. Andrews.

The members are considering the advisability of building a new club-house at an early date, on a larger scale than the present one.



THE EXTERIOR.

THE CALIFORNIA ATHLETIC CLUB IN SAN FRANCISCO.—DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY TABER.—[SEE PAGE 263.]



THE NEW UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEWARK."—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.—[See Page 267.]

1. On the Main-deck, with Conning-Tower in Foreground. 2. Stern View. 3. Aft Port Sponson for 6-inch Rifled Gun. 4. The Ship as completed. 5. Looking aft Starboard, showing Sponsons for 6-inch Rifled Guns. 6. Port-side Propeller and Submerged Rudder. 7. Looking forward from Starboard Amidship.

THE MAN WHO WAS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

LET it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks his shirt in. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of western peoples, instead of the most westerly of easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

Dirkovitch was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians, as he said—who appeared to get his bread by serving the Czar as an officer in a Cossack regiment, and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice the same. He was a handsome young Oriental, with a taste for wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. At least no living man could ascertain whether it was by way of Balkh, Budukhshan, Chitral, Beloochistan, Nepaul, or anywhere else. The Indian Government, being in an unusually affable mood, gave orders that he was to be civilly treated, and shown everything that was to be seen; so he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another till he forgathered with her Majesty's White Hussars in the city of Peshawur, which stands at the mouth of that narrow sword-cut in the hills that men call the Khyber Pass. He was undoubtedly an officer, and he was decorated, after the manner of the Russians, with little enamelled crosses, and he could talk, and (though this has nothing to do with his merits) he had been given up as a hopeless task or case by the Black Tyrones, who, individually and collectively, with hot whiskey and honey, mulled brandy and mixed spirits of all kinds, had striven in all hospitality to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrones, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of head of a foreigner, that foreigner is certain to be a superior man. This was the argument of the Black Tyrones, but they were ever an unruly and self-opinionated regiment, and they allowed junior subalterns of four years' service to choose their wines. The spirits were always purchased by the colonel and a committee of majors. And a regiment that would so behave may be respected but cannot be loved.

The White Hussars were as conscientious in choosing their wine as in charging the enemy. There was a brandy that had been purchased by a cultured colonel a few years after the battle of Waterloo. It has been maturing ever since, and it was a marvellous brandy at the purchasing. The memory of that liquor would cause men to weep as they lay dying in the teak forests of upper Burmah or the slime of the Irrawaddy. And there was a port which was notable; and there was a champagne of an obscure brand, which always came to mess without any labels, because the White Hussars wished none to know where the source of supply might be found. The officer on whose head the champagne-choosing lay was forbidden the use of tobacco for six weeks previous to sampling.

This particularity of detail is necessary to emphasize the fact that that champagne, that port, and, above all, that brandy—the green and yellow and white liqueurs did not count—was placed at the absolute disposition of Dirkovitch, and he enjoyed himself hugely—even more than among the Black Tyrones.

But he remained distressingly European through it all. The White Hussars were "My dear true friends," "Fellow-soldiers glorious," and "Brothers inseparable." He would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side, and the great mission of civilizing Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia, and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday-school, or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

Dirkovitch knew this as well as any one else, but it suited him to talk special correspondently and to make himself as genial as he could. Now and then he volunteered a little, a very little, information about his own Sotnia of Cossacks, left apparently to look after themselves somewhere at the back of beyond. He had done rough work in Central Asia, and had seen rather more help-yourself fighting than most men of his years. But he was careful never to betray his superiority, and more than careful to praise on all occasions the appearance, drill, uniform, and organization of her Majesty's White Hussars. And, indeed, they were a regiment to be admired. When Mrs. Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public sentiment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors who were already married, she was not going to content herself with one of them. Wherefore she wedded a little man in a rifle regiment—being by nature contradictious—and the White Hussars were going to wear crape on their arms, but compromised by attending the wedding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. She had jilted them all—from Basset-Holmer, the senior captain, to Little Mildred, the last subaltern, and he could have given her four thousand a year and a title. He was a viscount, and on his arrival the mess had said he had better go into the Guards, because they were all sons of large grocers and small clothiers in the Hussars, but Mildred begged very hard to be allowed to stay, and behaved so prettily that he was forgiven, and became a man, which is much more important than being any sort of viscount.

The only persons who did not share the general regard for the White Hussars were a few thousand gentlemen of Jewish extraction who lived across the border, and answered to the name of Pathan. They had only met the regiment officially, and for something less than twenty minutes, but the interview, which was complicated with many casualties, had filled them with prejudice. They even called the White Hussars "children of the devil," and sons of persons whom it would be perfectly impossible to meet in decent society. Yet they were not above making their aversion fill their money belts. The regiment possessed carbines, beautiful Martini-Henri carbines, that would cob a bullet into an enemy's camp at one thousand yards, and were even handier than the long rifle. Therefore they were coveted all along the border, and, since demand inevitably breeds supply, they were supplied at the risk of life and limb for exactly their weight in coined silver—seven and one-half pounds of rupees, or sixteen pounds and a few shillings each, reckoning the rupee at par. They were stolen at night by snaky-haired thieves that crawled on their stomachs under the nose of the sentries; they disappeared mysteriously from arm racks; and in the hot weather, when all the doors and windows were open, they vanished like puffs of their own smoke. The border people desired them first for their own family vendettas, and then for contingencies. But in the long cold nights of the northern Indian winter they were stolen most extensively. The traffic of murder was liveliest among the hills at that season, and prices ruled high. The regimental guards were first doubled and then trebled. A trooper does not much care if he loses a weapon—Government must make it good—but he deeply resents the loss of his sleep. The regiment grew very angry, and one night-thief who managed to limp away bears the visible marks of their anger upon him to this hour. That incident stopped the burglaries for a time, and the guards were reduced accordingly, and the regiment devoted itself to polo with unexpected results, for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps the Lushkar Light Horse, though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

Then they gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came, in the fullest full uniform of a Cossack officer, which is as full as a dressing-gown, and was introduced to the Lushkars, and opened his eyes as he regarded them. They were lighter men than the Hussars, and they carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of the Punjab frontier force and all irregular horse. Like everything else in the service, it has to be learned; but, unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.

The great beam-roofed mess-room of the White Hussars was a sight to be remembered. All the mess plate was on the long table—the same table that had served up the bodies of five dead officers in a forgotten fight long and long ago—the dingy, battered standards faced the door of entrance, clumps of winter roses lay between the silver candlesticks, the portraits of eminent officers deceased looked down on their successors from between the heads of sambhur, nilghai, maikhor, and, pride of all the mess, two grinning snow-leopards that had cost Basset-Holmer four months' leave that he might have spent in England instead of on the road to Thibet, and the daily risk of his life on ledge, snow-slide, and glassy grass slope.

The servants, in spotless white muslin and the crest of their regiments on the brow of their turbans, waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it. He was fraternizing effusively with the captain of the Lushkar team, who was wondering how many of Dirkovitch's Cossacks his own long lathy down-countrymen could account for in a fair charge. But one does not speak of these things openly.

The talk rose higher and higher, and the regimental band played between the courses, as is the immemorial custom, till all tongues ceased for a moment with the removal of the dinner slips and the First Toast of Obligation, when the colonel rising said, "Mr. Vice, the Queen," and Little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered, "The Queen, God bless her!" and the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the Queen, upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to pay their mess bills. That sacrament of the mess never grows old, and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the listener wherever he be by land or by sea. Dirkovitch rose with his "brothers glorious," but he could not understand. No one but an officer can understand what the toast means; and the bulk have more sentiment than comprehension. It all comes to the same in the end, as the enemy said when he was wriggling on a lance point. Immediately after the little silence that follows on the ceremony there entered the native officer who had played for the Lushkar team. He could not of course eat with the alien, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him, with the blue and silver turban atop, and the big black top-boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust forward the hilt of his sabre, in token of fealty, for the colonel of the White Hussars to touch, and dropped into a vacant chair amid shouts of "*Rung ho!* Hira Singh!" (which being translated means "Go in and win!"). "Did I whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaidar Sahib, what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony in the last ten minutes?" "Shabash, Ressaidar Sahib!" Then the voice of the colonel, "The health of Ressaidar Hira Singh!"

After the shouting had died away Hira Singh rose to reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions. Thus he spoke in the vernacular:

"Colonel Sahib and officers of this regiment, much honor have you done me. This will I remember. We came down from afar to play you; but we were beaten." ("No fault of yours, Ressaidar Sahib. Played on our own ground, y' know. Your ponies were cramped from the railway. Don't apologize)". "Therefore perhaps we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! Hear, Hear, indeed! Bravo! Hsh!"). "Then we will play you afresh" ("Happy to meet you"), "till there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword-hilt and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game, then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we shall play it out side by side, though *they*"—again his eye sought Dirkovitch—"though *they*, I say, have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deep-mouthed *Rung ho!* that rang like a musket butt on flag-stones, he sat down amid shoutings.

Dirkovitch, who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy—the terrible brandy aforementioned—did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly the native officer's was the speech of the evening, and the clamor might have continued to the dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenceless left side. It is notable that Dirkovitch "reached back," after the American fashion—a gesture that set the captain of the Lushkar team wondering how Cossack officers were armed at mess. Then there was a scuffle, and a yell of pain.

"Carbine stealing again!" said the adjutant, calmly sinking back in his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards. I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the veranda flags, and it sounded as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning?" said the colonel, testily. "See if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess sergeant fled out into the darkness, and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the corporal. "Leastways 'e was crawlin' towards the barricks, sir, past the main-road sentries; an' the sentry 'e says, sir—"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned. Never was seen so destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another liqueur glass of brandy.

"*What* does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez he speaks English, sir," said the corporal.

"So you brought him into mess instead of handing him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the tongues of the Pentecost you've no business—"

Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away," said he to the colonel, for he was a much-privileged subaltern. He put his arms round the rag-bound horror as he spoke, and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four, and big in proportion. The corporal, seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the capture, and that the colonel's eye was beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine thief, who laid his head on the table and wept bitterly, hopelessly, and inconsolably, as little children weep.

Hira Singh leaped to his feet with a long-drawn vernacular oath. "Colonel Sahib," said he, "that man is no Afghan, for they weep '*Ai! Ai!*' Nor is he of Hindustan, for they weep '*Oh! Ho!*' He weeps after the fashion of the white men, who say '*Ow! Ow!*'"

"Now where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh?" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh, simply, pointing at the crumpled figure that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said, 'My God!'" said Little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess-room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man cries from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces. Also, the exhibition causes the throat of the on-looker to close at the top.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel, coughing tremendously. "We ought to send him to hospital. He's been man-handled."

Now the adjutant loved his rifles. They were to him as his grandchildren—the men standing in the first place. He grunted rebelliously: "I can understand an Afghan stealing, because he's made that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch, for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond a shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess-room this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were, in fact, rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night?" said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit up with Little Mildred's guest until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess. Outside, the wheels of the first of those bidden to the festivities crunched the roadway.

"Oh, my God!" said the man in the chair, and every soul in the mess rose to his feet. Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross—distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curiosity. He picked up his team with his eyes as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the colonel's chair to say, "This isn't *our* affair, you know, sir," led the team into the veranda and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last, and he looked at Dirkovitch as he moved. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy paradise of his own. His lips moved without sound, and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White—white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant. "What a pernicious renegade he must be! I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared round the mess-room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and saddle" was sounded, repeated the question in a voice that would have drawn confidences from a geyser. The man only smiled. Dirkovitch, at the far end of the table, slid gently from his chair to the floor. No son of Adam, in this present imperfect world, can mix the Hussars' champagne with the Hussars' brandy by five and eight glasses of each without remembering the pit whence he has been digged and descending thither. The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars, from the date of their formation, preface all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune. It is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said the colonel; "call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first, though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry glass with the brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate in the shape of a spring, which converted what was a seven-branched candlestick, three springs each side and one in the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture, the mess watching him without a word. When he came to the mantel-piece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uniform caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantel-piece, with inquiry in his eyes.

"What is it—oh, what is it?" said Little Mildred. Then, as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse—yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer, in a thick, passionless guttural: "Yes, I—have seen. But—where is *the* horse?"

You could have heard the hearts of the mess beating as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke, very slowly, "Where is *our* horse?"

There is no saying what happened after that. There is but one horse in the White Hussars, and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess-room. He is the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental band, that served the regiment for seven-and-thirty years, and in the end was shot for old age. Half the mess tore the thing down from its place and thrust it into the man's hands. He placed it above the mantel-piece; it clattered on the ledge, as his poor hands dropped it, and he staggered toward the bottom of the table, falling into Mildred's chair. The band began to play the *River of Years* waltz, and the laughter from the gardens came into the tobacco-scented mess-room. But nobody, even the youngest, was thinking of waltzes. They all spoke to one another something after this fashion: "The drum-horse hasn't hung over the mantel-piece since '67." "How does he know?" "Mildred, go and speak to him again." "Colonel, what are you going to do?" "Oh, dry up, and give the poor devil a chance to pull himself together!" "It isn't possible, anyhow. The man's a lunatic."

Little Mildred stood at the colonel's side talking into his ear. "Will you be good enough to take your seats, please, gentlemen?" he said, and the mess dropped into the chairs.

Only Dirkovitch's seat, next to little Mildred's, was blank, and Little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh's place. The wide-eyed mess-sergeant filled the glasses in dead silence. Once more the colonel rose, but his hand shook, and the port spilled on the table as he looked straight at the man in Little Mildred's chair and said, hoarsely, "Mr. Vice, the Queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprung to his feet and answered, without hesitation, "The Queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman, and there were no unclean ideals in the land, it was the custom in a few messes to drink the Queen's toast in broken glass, to the huge delight of the mess contractors. The custom is now dead, because there is nothing to break anything for, except now and again the word of a Government, and that has been broken already.

"That settles it," said the colonel, with a gasp. "He's not a sergeant. What in the world is he?"

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. Small wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling urbanely, rose Dirkovitch, who had been roused from healthful slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and grovelled at his feet. It was a horrible sight, coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no offer to raise him, but Little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the Queen's toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch's upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat. Dirkovitch saw the marks, and the pupils of his eyes dilated—also, his face changed. He said something that sounded like "Shto ve takete," and the man, fawning, answered "chetyre."

"What's that?" said everybody together.

"His number. That is number four, you know." Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

"What has a Queen's officer to do with a qualified number?" said the colonel, and there rose an unpleasant growl round the table.

"How can I tell?" said the affable Oriental, with a sweet smile. "He is a—how you have it?—escape—runaway, from over there." He nodded toward the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him, if he'll answer you, and speak to him gently," said Little Mildred, settling the man in a chair. It seemed most improper to all present that Dirkovitch should sip brandy as he talked in purring, spitting Russian to the creature who answered so feebly and with such evident dread. But since Dirkovitch appeared to understand, no man said a word. They breathed heavily, leaning forward, in the long gaps of the conversation. The next time that they have no engagements on hand the White Hussars intend to go to St. Petersburg and learn Russian.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch, facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago, in a war. I think that there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the war."

"The rolls! The rolls! Holmer get the rolls!" said Little Mildred, and the adjutant dashed off bareheaded to the orderly-room where the rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude, "Therefore I am most sorry to say there was an accident, which would have been reparable if he had apologized to that our colonel, which he had insulted."

Another growl, which the colonel tried to beat down. The mess was in no mood to weigh insults to Russian colonels just then.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place—how do you say?—the country. *So*, he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany"—the man caught the word, nodded, and shivered—"at Zhigansk and Irkutsk. I cannot understand how he escaped. He says, too, that he was in the forests for many years, but how many years he has forgotten—that with many things. It was an accident; done because he did not apologize to that our colonel. Ah!"

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars livelily exhibited unchristian delight and other emotions, hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves atop of these.

"Steady! Fifty-six—fifty-five—fifty-four," said Holmer. "Here we are. 'Lieutenant Austin Limmason—*missing*.' That was before Sebastopol. What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their colonels, and was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped out."

"But he never apologized. Said he'd see him —— first," chorussed the mess.

"Poor devil! I suppose he never had the chance afterwards. How did he come here?" said the colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

"Do you know who you are?"

It laughed weakly.

"Do you know that you are Limmason—Lieutenant Limmason, of the White Hussars?"

Swift as a shot came the answer, in a slightly surprised tone, "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course." The light died out in his eyes, and he collapsed afresh, watching every motion of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few elementary facts in the mind, but it does not lead to continuity of thought. The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his own old mess again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew nothing. He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture of the drum-horse, and answered to the Queen's toast. The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast, and he giggled and cowered alternately.

The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began:

"Fellow-soldiers glorious—true friends and hospitables. It was an accident, and deplorable—most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "But you will think of this little, little thing. So little, is it not? The Czar! Posh! I slap my fingers—I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe in him? No! But the Slav who has done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy—how much?—millions that have done nothing—not one thing. Napoleon was an episode." He banged a hand on the table. "Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do; and it shall be done, old peoples. Get a-way!" He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. "You see him. He is not good to see. He was just one little—oh, so little—accident, that no one remembered. Now he is *That*. So will you be, brother soldiers so brave—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he is gone, or"—he pointed to the great coffin shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, "Seventy millions—get away, you old peoples," fell asleep.

"Sweet, and to the point," said Little Mildred. "What's the use of getting wrath? Let's make the poor devil comfortable."

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant had returned only to go away again three days later, when the wail of the "Dead March" and the tramp of the squadrons told the wondering station, that saw no gap in the table, an officer of the regiment had resigned his new-found commission.

And Dirkovitch—bland, supple and always genial—went away too by a night train. Little Mildred and another saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand the law of the mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-by, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said Little Mildred.

"*Au revoir*, my true friends," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?"

"Yes; but I will come again. My friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the north-star burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want—cheroots, ice, bedding? That's all right. Well, *au revoir*, Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small. "Of—all—the—unmitigated—"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north-star, and hummed a selection from a recent burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran:

> "I'm sorry for Mister Bluebeard,
> I'm sorry to cause him pain;
> But a terrible spree there's sure to be
> When he comes back again."

A PALIMPSEST.

I gaze along the frore, dim fields, and, lo!
By dint of gazing, or by witchery
Beyond my ken, I sudden seem to see
The Summer, odorous, warm, and all aglow
With bounties of the earth, with skies that grow
In beauty with the day. There floats to me
The tinkle of the sheep-bells on the lea,
The plaining of the brook, the tree-tops' low
And sibilant song. The Winter is effaced,—
That was the writing of a later hand,
A gloomy screed; and now mine eyes have traced
The early, joyous message of the land
When life was rife with roses east and west—
Have read the secret of God's palimpsest.

RICHARD E. BURTON.

CHURCH RECONSTRUCTION UNDER NOVEL CONDITIONS.

Of the Catholic churches in New York city, excepting the cathedral, St. Paul the Apostle, at the corner of Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, is the largest. In its style of architecture, with no attempt to be florid, it is impressive as a structure from its vast proportions. As Catholics never build their sanctuaries without due precautions as to the ways and means, their process of church erection is a gradual one. If, then, St. Paul the Apostle is not capped with spire and pinnacles, it may be understood that at some later day "those fingers which point up to God" will be added. Begun in 1875 by Father Hecker, putting all his energies into the work, some years elapsed before regular service was held in the church. The interior was left until recently in an unfinished condition, and the altars were hardly, in size, design, or construction, worthy of their noble surroundings. On entering the church and casting one's eyes overhead, the fine proportions of the structure are better understood. The ceiling, of a dark blue, has the color of the vault of heaven. In it glistens the stars that rolled in space in about the exact position they assumed when St. Paul was born. That dim religious light which is so impressive comes flickering through the two aisles of the church. Large stained-glass windows, imitative of the older method of illumination, give light to the altars.

To-day, and during the whole week, the sharp click of the carver in stone is heard, and workmen are plying their various callings. Scattered about in the church are blocks and slabs of rare Numidian marble, Mexican onyx, and porphyry, now being fashioned for the new altars. Derricks, with their blocks and fall and tackle, are in position where the new altars are to stand. Fronting the Ninth Avenue entrance, a wall of bricks inside of the church is being reared, which partition will form the vestibule. The walls are now being decorated, and slung aloft from their scaffolds, painters are at work giving former bare stuccoed walls their glow of color. Under the wise direction of Mr. John Lafarge, who appreciates fully what is proper for ecclesiastical ornamentation, the work is being rapidly carried out.

A very much admired rule of Catholic churches is that they are never closed, and so despite masons, sculptors, decorators, service at St. Paul the Apostle never ceases. At all times of the day worshippers may be seen. The church is so large that if one portion of it is occupied by workmen, another part of it affords the fullest opportunity for worship. Early mass is held every day, and as on Sunday all work ceases, the devout listen to the sacred words just as if no building ever was going on within the edifice. This remodelling of a church without any sensible embarrassment of service is one of the modern phases of the art of reconstructing buildings. It is believed that by Easter-Sunday the fine altars will all be in place, and the entire redecoration of the church completed. Another generation will see those towers reared which will give additional grandeur to this fine church. All things are encompassed in time. As a first step, however, so far as regards the interior of St. Paul's, the new altars, with the coloring of the walls, will furnish that completeness to the church which has heretofore been wanting.

THE NEW CRUISER "NEWARK."

The U. S. S. *Newark*, launched on March 19th from the Cramps' yard, Philadelphia, is an all-steel, twin-screw, bark-rigged, partially protected cruiser. Her battery is ideal in character for this type of vessel, though its disposition is considered capable of so much definite improvement that a different arrangement has been given to the *San Francisco*, which in hull and construction is a sister ship. The contract for building the *Newark* was awarded in October, 1887, the time limit was fixed at two years, the price agreed upon was $1,248,000, and the machinery accepted was designed by the constructors. In appearance she is a thorough-going modern man-of-war, with ram-shaped bow, elliptical stern, graceful sheer, and military tops at her fore and main mast-heads. The principal dimensions are: length on load water-line, 310 feet; extreme beam, 49 feet 1⅜ inches; normal draught forward, 17 feet; aft, 20 feet 6 inches; displacement, 4083 tons.

The motive power consists of two sets of horizontal triple-expansion engines, which are expected to develop 8500 horse-power, and to give a speed of about 18 knots. The cruising coal allowance is 400 tons, but the bunker capacity is 850, which will enable her to steam with natural draught 3100 miles at full speed, 4377 at a 15.2 rate, and 10,700 at a 10-knot maximum. The protection to stability and to vitals is given by a steel deck, which covers the whole ship, curving longitudinally from the snout of the ram to the round of the stern; the horizontal crown of this deck is about one foot above the water-line, and the sides slope to a fore and aft line about five feet under it. The deck is laid in two courses, the lower one being complete and a half-inch thick, and the upper consisting of plates two and a half inches thick on the inclined sides, and one and a half inches on the horizontal plane, except over the steering gear, where its size is increased one-half inch. The plating of the inner bottom is continuous with the ammunition-room, magazine floors, and bow and stern platforms, thus giving throughout a double bottom, which is minutely subdivided; each compartment is supplied with pipes connected with a powerful pump.

The armament will consist of twelve 6-inch, all-steel, breech-loading guns, so mounted as to give direct bow and stern fire from four guns, and beam fire from six guns; the bows and quarters are cut away to furnish this firing section, and the forward and after pairs of guns are mounted on platforms sponsoned slightly from the ship's side. In the *San Francisco* these projections are done away with, and the four guns are mounted, as on the *Philadelphia*, on the forecastle and poop respectively. The neighboring pairs of guns, in both the *Newark* and her sister ship, are sponson-mounted, with such sufficient projection, however, as to let them fire fore and aft without affecting the pieces carried on the extremities of the ship. The two pairs of waist guns are slightly sponsoned in deeply recessed ports, which give a section of lateral train amounting to 140°. All these pieces are fitted with segmental steel shields, and are carried at a mean height of 16 feet 6 inches above the water-line. The secondary battery is composed of four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, four Hotchkiss revolving cannon, and four Gatlings. The torpedo armament consists of six above-water discharging tubes, three on either side, fore, aft, and amidships, and with an individual train of 90°. Abaft the forecastle, on the forward bridge, is a conning-tower 8 feet 6 inches in diameter, connected with the protective deck by a tube 12 inches in diameter and 2¼ inches thick, through which are carried the steering gear, speaking-tubes, and signal wires.

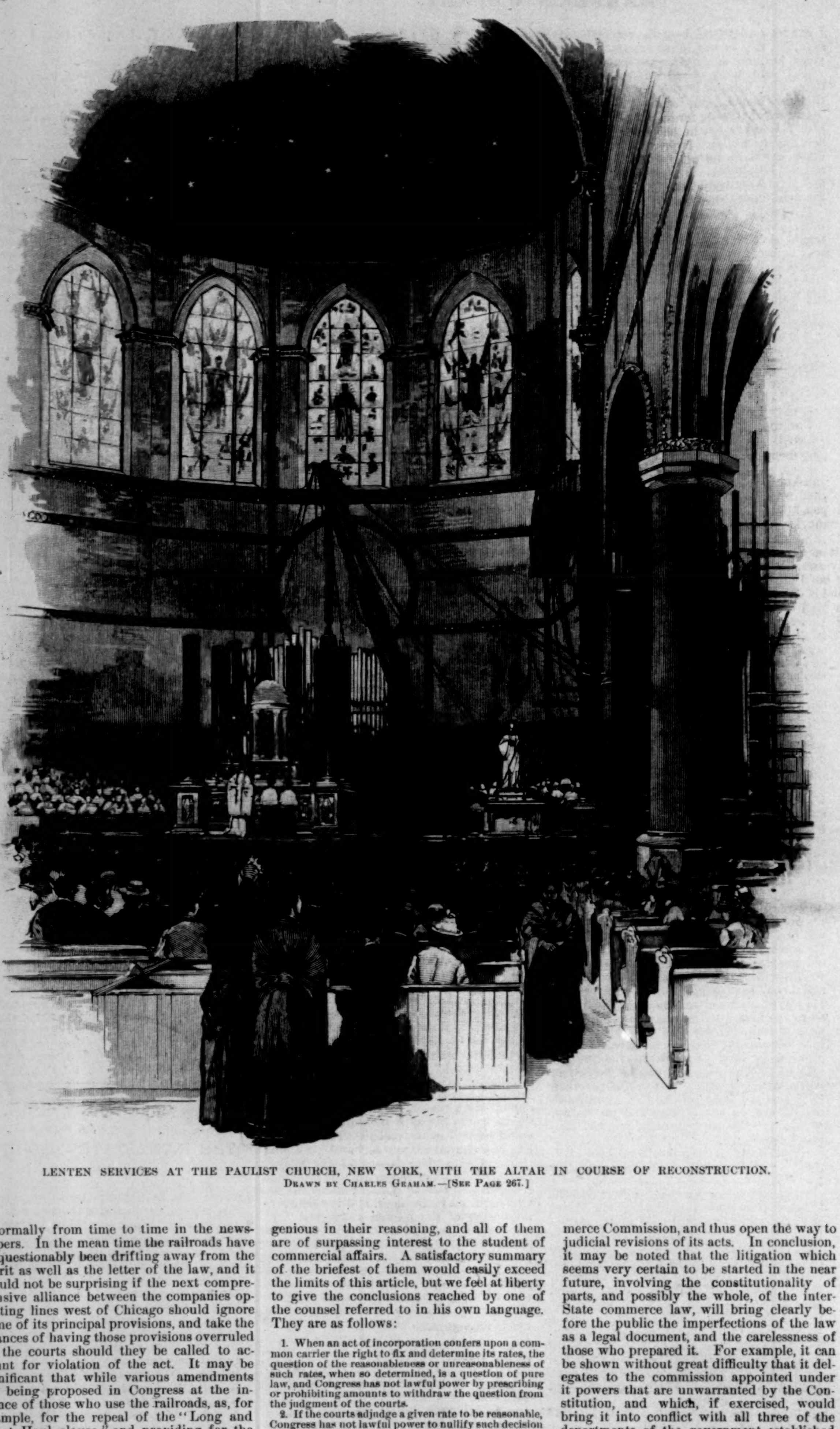
The speed trials of the *Newark* will take place late in the year, though they do not excite an interest equal to that centred in the *Philadelphia*, because with her the builders hope to exceed the phenomenal performances of the *Baltimore*. A forfeit of $50,000 will, in her case, be exacted for each quarter of a knot below, and a similar bonus will be given for every like movement above, the contract speed. It is for this reason that accurate speed determinations become of such great importance in the official trials, and just now the government is carefully examining three methods, two of which are based upon observations taken from a line running parallel with or between fixed marks, and the other upon relative screw performances. Whatever plan may be selected will have to receive the sanction of the builders, for every mistake of one foot in the total length of the sea knot—6080 feet—will, on the quarter of a knot allowance, make a difference of about $33 to one party or the other. J. D. J. K.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE LAW.

The discussion of the inter-State commerce law is rapidly becoming general. The interest in that enactment seems to be greater now than it was when the measure was placed upon the statute-books three years ago, and is rivalled only by consideration of the unprofitableness of farming, especially at the West, and the agitation regarding the currency. The discussion betrays a growing dissatisfaction with the law. As every one knows, the law was aimed against the railroads; at least it was drafted with the view of correcting abuses in the transportation business complained of by its patrons, and was passed at their instance, and in spite of the opposition of the railroads. The last-named are entitled to the credit, however, of having accepted the law in a submissive spirit, and of proceeding to live up to its requirements.

But time has demonstrated that the law is not entirely equitable to the railroads; that is, to the very large part of the population which has put its money into the most important enterprise of the country. Experience has demonstrated, too, that the law is difficult of enforcement, and if enforced rigorously, would work even greater hardships than are now complained of both by the patrons and the managers of the railroads. The loudest complaints against the law come from those for whose special benefit it was enacted, namely, those engaged in agricultural pursuits. Their complaints may not be altogether well-grounded, but that will not carry much weight with those who represent them in Congress, since, as a rule, the Granger politician considers it his duty to cater to his constituents, rather than to educate them.

The railroad interest has, so far as can be learned, made no direct attempt to secure modifications of the law. Certainly it has sent no representatives to Washington, and its dissatisfaction has been expressed only



LENTEN SERVICES AT THE PAULIST CHURCH, NEW YORK, WITH THE ALTAR IN COURSE OF RECONSTRUCTION.
DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

informally from time to time in the newspapers. In the mean time the railroads have unquestionably been drifting away from the spirit as well as the letter of the law, and it would not be surprising if the next comprehensive alliance between the companies operating lines west of Chicago should ignore some of its principal provisions, and take the chances of having those provisions overruled by the courts should they be called to account for violation of the act. It may be significant that while various amendments are being proposed in Congress at the instance of those who use the railroads, as, for example, for the repeal of the "Long and Short Haul clause," and providing for the exemption of theatrical companies and commercial travellers from the provisions against discrimination, the larger railroad corporations are obtaining from their counsel, as well as from prominent members of the legal profession, carefully prepared opinions as to the constitutionality of two of the most important provisions of the inter-State commerce law, namely, the one prohibiting pooling, and the section relating to the "Long and Short Haul clause." Those opinions are unanimously to the effect that the law is unconstitutional in the respects mentioned. Of course it will be argued that the railroads are furnished with that legal view because the lawyers whom they employ know the character of the opinion that is wanted. However that may be, if the railroads are fortified by what may be termed excellent legal advice, they may have the courage to conduct their business in apparent violation of the law until the points they have raised against it can be judicially determined.

Some of the opinions are remarkably ingenious in their reasoning, and all of them are of surpassing interest to the student of commercial affairs. A satisfactory summary of the briefest of them would easily exceed the limits of this article, but we feel at liberty to give the conclusions reached by one of the counsel referred to in his own language. They are as follows:

> 1. When an act of incorporation confers upon a common carrier the right to fix and determine its rates, the question of the reasonableness or unreasonableness of such rates, when so determined, is a question of pure law, and Congress has not lawful power by prescribing or prohibiting amounts to withdraw the question from the judgment of the courts.
>
> 2. If the courts adjudge a given rate to be reasonable, Congress has not lawful power to nullify such decision by either anticipatory or subsequent legislation declaring the charging of such rate to be a crime.
>
> 3. If the right to fix and determine reasonable rates be a vested right and the property of the carrier, Congress has not lawful power to impair such right or to destroy such property, unless by due process of law, and upon securing compensation for the injury.
>
> 4. If the shipper does not otherwise direct on the shipment of his goods, different and competing carriers may lawfully agree, and as the agent of the shipper, to divide the same for transportation between themselves as they may elect, and Congress cannot properly interfere with their so doing.
>
> 5. Moneys paid to a common carrier in satisfaction of his charges are the absolute property of the carrier, and Congress cannot lawfully undertake to control the disposition to be made thereof.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States overruling that of the Supreme Court of Minnesota in what are known as the "Granger Cases" sustains the first and second of these conclusions, namely, that the determination of fair and reasonable rates must be by judicial proceedings, and that an appeal can be taken from the rulings of railroad commissioners. The decision will doubtless be regarded as applicable to the findings of the inter-State Commerce Commission, and thus open the way to judicial revisions of its acts. In conclusion, it may be noted that the litigation which seems very certain to be started in the near future, involving the constitutionality of parts, and possibly the whole, of the inter-State commerce law, will bring clearly before the public the imperfections of the law as a legal document, and the carelessness of those who prepared it. For example, it can be shown without great difficulty that it delegates to the commission appointed under it powers that are unwarranted by the Constitution, and which, if exercised, would bring it into conflict with all three of the departments of the government established by the Constitution, namely, the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

UNDER A BUNCH-LIGHT.

BY MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN.—ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.

COURAGE in woman is as glorious as the sunflower, and as incapable of thriving in the dark. I was alone, and it was as dark as tragedy—a palpitating darkness alive with mysterious suggestions. Like Bob Acres in the duel scene, I realized that "valor will come and go"—the situation was more than I had bargained for. From stone steps and hard-wood floor I had passed through a little door to where my feet sank into something so warm and soft it might have been alive. It was the velvet rug in the manager's box. Groping boldly, I stumbled and fell into a large, springy embrace, that of a velvet arm-chair. The chill of the brass railing startled me as I leaned on it, and saw as much of the theatre as one may see without a light at half past six in the evening. The artist partner was in a species of tropical dungeon down below, making a study from life of the great tragedian in his dressing-room. Left to my own devices, I had, thanks to my bump of locality, found the most luxurious corner, there to rest unobserved and watch the drama, after the fashion of the nebular hypothesis, evolve from darkness.

The curtain was up, the scenery was gone, and in the vacant stage on one hand and the yawning auditorium on the other the shadows circulated freely. I had expected to feel very much at home, and tried to live up to my expectations. But I thought of Edgar A. Poe's story of "The Pit and the Pendulum," and suddenly the thick, still darkness seemed to be closing in upon me. It was stifling, and yet my feet and hands grew icy cold. I thought I felt something crawling on the floor, and so got back into the big chair, making myself as small as possible, with my feet under me.

"Nonsense!" said I to myself; but the darkness was thick, and the time seemed long. Had I not been afraid of my own ridicule, I would have gone back on the stage to where out of a brick wall came a cheerful side-light, with a wire cage around it. Presently, when hope was at the ebb, a door rattled, and a broad ray of promise shot diagonally across the boards, straight toward me. For an instant I saw the black figure of a man silhouetted against a perfect wealth of golden gas-light. It was one of the finest effects I ever saw on the stage—or at least I thought so at the time.

The door slammed; the glory went out. A small flare of flame came bobbing along, accompanied by a cheerful whistle, and he whom I subsequently discovered to be Joe, the gas-man, lit a big bunch-light at the front of the stage, just where the leader of the orchestra is accustomed to wave his baton. Joe disappeared, and I heard the whistle go underground with him, down to the bottom of the stairs. A cat flew out of my box: my suspicions had not been unfounded.

Reassured by the friendly light, I leaned far out on the box rail. It was like being on a ship at sea. The stage was the middle deck, the bunch-light a big lantern hanging from the main yard-arm. Over the side the rows of seats in their linen shrouds looked like a running, foam-capped sea that stretched away and lost itself in a black horizon. Above the horizon were pale flying clouds resembling the sea. Up in heaven, the heaven of the gallery gods, the burnished concave of a calcium reflector shone in the blackness like a silver moon. Now and then the bunch-light would flare, and its furthest rays would touch upon gilding, crystal, polished brass, or the surface of a mirror with a glitter like phosphorescence.

Above the deck the sails were clewed up, and a thick net-work of ropes and spars went up and lost itself in the night. Suddenly a familiar creaking sound told that the sailors were pulling on the ropes; in the rigging I felt rather than saw moving spots of something blacker than the darkness—the sailors among the sails. Then there was a soothing silence. The shadows teemed with poetic shapes and suggestions; it was the fascination of being alone on deck, a still, moonlight night. I was just beginning to feel as if I could write poetry, when Joe the gas-man opened, with an irreverent bang, the door that leads from the subterranean regions to the orchestra. As he did so there entered a gust of warm air freighted with the odor of escaping gas, not furnace and oily steam-engine—an odor to make one wake from any dream, and be thankful not to be upon the moving ocean.

One by one, Joe lit the lamps of the musicians and carefully turned them low. Women in cloaks and men in ulsters drifted across the barren stage, like "Mary across the wild moor." One lonely, gloomy-faced tragedian advanced to the bunch-light, executed a few racy jig steps, drearily bowed his thanks to an imaginary audience, and solemnly passed on. This broke the ice, and now the action of the piece improves. There is a sharp crackle of electricity, and the lobby lights shine faintly through translucent doors. A man in a very short coat comes down the stage and breaks heavily into the silence.

"Say, Bill, just snake off dem covers on de udder side, will ye? Tommy's got de grip."

A black form from nowhere pops up in the middle of the sea, and is skimming the foam off the imaginary waves; two black forms are removing the imaginary clouds that do not even belong in the heaven of the gallery gods, but consist of linen-swathed seats in the balcony. There is another crackle of electricity, and the side-lights in the auditorium, "half on," show the men staggering off under shoulder-loads of white linen, leaving rows of clean-brushed velvet seats ready for use. Joe the gas-man, with his lighter in his hand, bends over as he runs along and lights the foot-lights. Then, turning off a stopcock in the floor of the stage, he unscrews the bunch-light and carries it off. A rippling swish and a thud, the fire-proof curtain is down; a tremendous crackling of electricity, the lights in the boxes and centre chandelier are ablaze. Correctly dressed ushers stand at the head of each aisle. There is the scuffling of hurrying scene-shifters behind the curtain, and the sound of a violin under the stage. Enter hand in hand an early couple from the country, stumbling bashfully down the aisle, and apologizing profusely to the usher.

"It is barely half past seven," says the artist—at my elbow as if by electricity; "before the time for the curtain to rise, we can put in half an hour at the tragedy up the street."

Going out the stage-door, we pass the foreign tragedian's valet, a low-browed Italian, bearing with intensity a cooler containing wine and apollinaris. He shows his teeth in recognition.

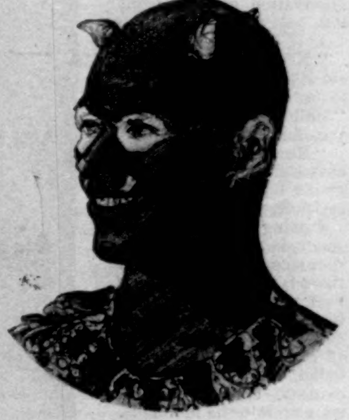
"Ze signore no can drink ze wat'," he explains; "eet ees danger*ous!*"

TRAGEDY.

There is an American hustle about the next tragedy. Much is crowded in little space, the whole full of the color and motion of life behind the scenes; the air is hot, hotter, hottest as we go behind the stage-door into its permanent twilight. We fall in the obscurity over two little maroon-clad Jewish girls dressed as pages. They are lolling around like a pair of Italian greyhounds. "B-r-r-r," says one ten-year-old to the other; "rub my legs. They're awful cold in these tights." There is a full head of steam on; the atmosphere is like a Turkish bath with the gas escaping. A door is open between stage and auditorium, and there stands the great American tragedian, a well-built figure in a very heavy ulster of dark plaid. The collar of his coat is turned up, and a fore-and-aft travelling cap is pulled as far as possible over his head. A few stray locks, now gray, but gracefully curling, and a characteristic, unmistakable profile betray his identity. Tenderly he bends over two charming children—little friends who are all excitement, and evidently intend to occupy a stage-box during the performance. The boy regards the tragedian with glowing eyes of admiring expectation; the little girl clings affectionately to his hand. A hasty glance at his watch and he ceases his conversation to kiss them good-by. The door closes. The tragedian glides across the dim stage, soon to reappear in hump and motley, swinging the bauble of *The Fool's Revenge.*

The stage-carpenters and scene-shifters whistle softly as they wander around, setting scenery with the indifference of long custom—an indifference not so hap-hazard as it seems. There is one brilliant point in all the dimness, the spot where all the force of a tall bunch-light seems to concentrate itself upon the abundant gray hair of a young old stage-manager, who stands with his back to the light running his eye over the prompter's book. This same bunch-light, too, brings out the high lights in the gas-man's key-board, which latter consists in a side-wall full of highly polished stopcocks, wheels, and buttons. A single individual playing upon this key-board as upon an instrument controls the gas and electricity throughout the house, making the white light "one green" and the green "one red" at will, and turning night into day or day into night with a movement of his magic finger.

"You must see Madame," says the stage manager, putting away his book; "she is charming." We hurry through the king's palace across the stage. I have a senseless fear lest the curtain should go up. The door is open, and there stands Madame before the mirror. The large room is neatness itself; the floor, ceiling, and sides are lined with pale blue cambric. There is a great deal of light, and an odor of roses combined with a faint suggestion of dainty cigarettes. In a sweet husky voice Madame repeats the amiable nothings of polite society. Her brown hair looks unusually dark against the pale, highly illumined background; her figure in a long black velvet gown is an inky silhouette, full of gracious fluctuating lines.



PIERROT.

It is not all a bed of roses, even for the great ones. The steam-heater in that room is out of order; a stove has been put in, but does not work; Madame is hesitating, as undecided as one of Portia's suitors, between the pleasures of being congealed and those of being asphyxiated.

"Quarter hour," announces the call-boy.

We ascend the stairs, and pass the open door of one of the leading actors. He has taken time by the forelock, and has leisure to spare. Dressed for the performance, he luxuriates in a postprandial paper, sitting in a very modern attitude among wigs, doublets, and general disarray of by-gone centuries.

"We have forgotten the property-room," says the stage-manager.

Down the stairs again and into an open door, where in the dimness we see a vast mass of dark confusion, with bits of gilding glittering here and there. By the door sits in an antique chair of state a modern fat man in his shirt sleeves; between his huge knees is a little vase, in which his large fingers laboriously endeavor to arrange some faded artificial flowers. His massive jaws work with rhythmic regularity, and the murky air is heavy with the unmistakable odor of chewing-gum.

"Say, Chippy, ye might as well git out that banquet stuff now."

Chippy, who chews gum too, dives like a swimmer into the obscurity, and splashes around heavily among the family portraits, boats, bird-cages, thrones, garden gates, coal-scuttles, swans, harps, cradles, dragons, sofas, potted plants, cabinets, sceptres, Dresden clocks, and all the rest of it. When he emerges, we follow him as he staggers across the stage, dragging behind him a big noisy bundle wrapped in a red throne cloth. Without ceremony he dumps his load on a big table, and proceeds to arrange "de banquet"—an almost indestructible feast, though not particularly toothsome. There are aspics, pâtés, and roast fowl of *papier-maché*, fruits carved in composition and hand-painted; the candelabra, goblets, and platters are made of gilded wood, and the superb wine jugs of embossed tin and zinc *repoussé*.

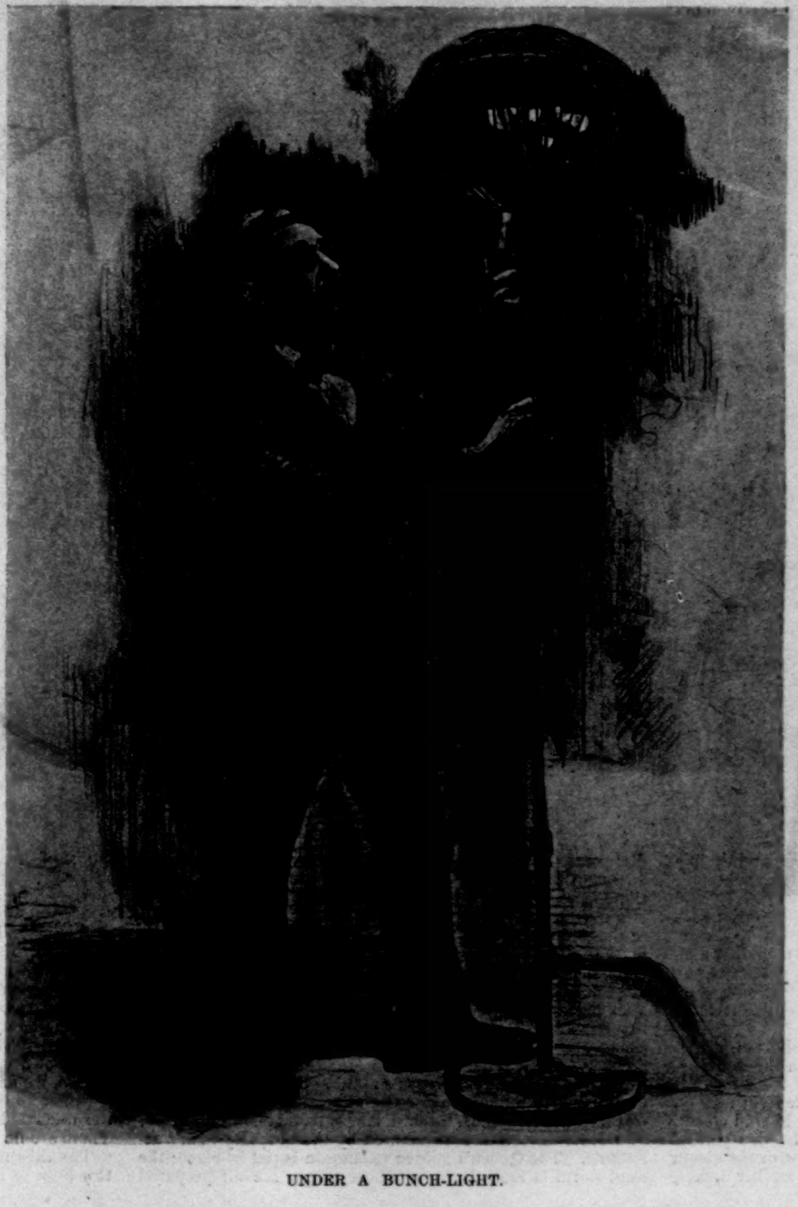
"We use ter take more pains wid 'em 'n we do now," says Chippy, apologizing for the somewhat worn appearance of certain of the viands; "but what's de use? De table sets 'way back anyhow, see? In de las' act de star dances on de banquet, see? 'N' he kicks de whole business galley-west, 'n' breaks somethin' every time, see?"

We leave Chippy to muse on the privileges of a star who can make points at the expense of properties, for our attention is claimed by a weird tableau over in the corner. In that particular spot, shut off by the scenery from any light there might be, it would be dark as Egypt were it not for the rays of one pale candle set upon a table in a stalagmite candlestick of its own drippings. Around the table four men, seated upon the uneasy backs of saw-horses, are quarrelling in obscure gutturals, and making tragic snatches at little squares of white paper. The light reveals three pairs of spectacles, and leaves the fourth to the imagination.

"How effective! Conspirators rehearsing, I suppose. Not in costume yet," I venture.

"Wrong cue," responds the stage-manager. "German musicians getting ready for incidental music."

As he speaks they seize stringed instru-



UNDER A BUNCH-LIGHT.

ments from between their knees, and begin softly picking an air from *Rigoletto*.

Time flies. But we have made the rounds, and are back by the gas-man's key-board. There, under the tall bunch-light, lounges a lithe young king, dressed in a costume of rich, subdued reds. He reads with absorbed interest a letter, accompanied by the light music of the heavy Germans, who are again visible in the distance. A messenger-boy with a pink ticket makes himself very much at home, and casts a disdainful eye upon the people who are not in costume.

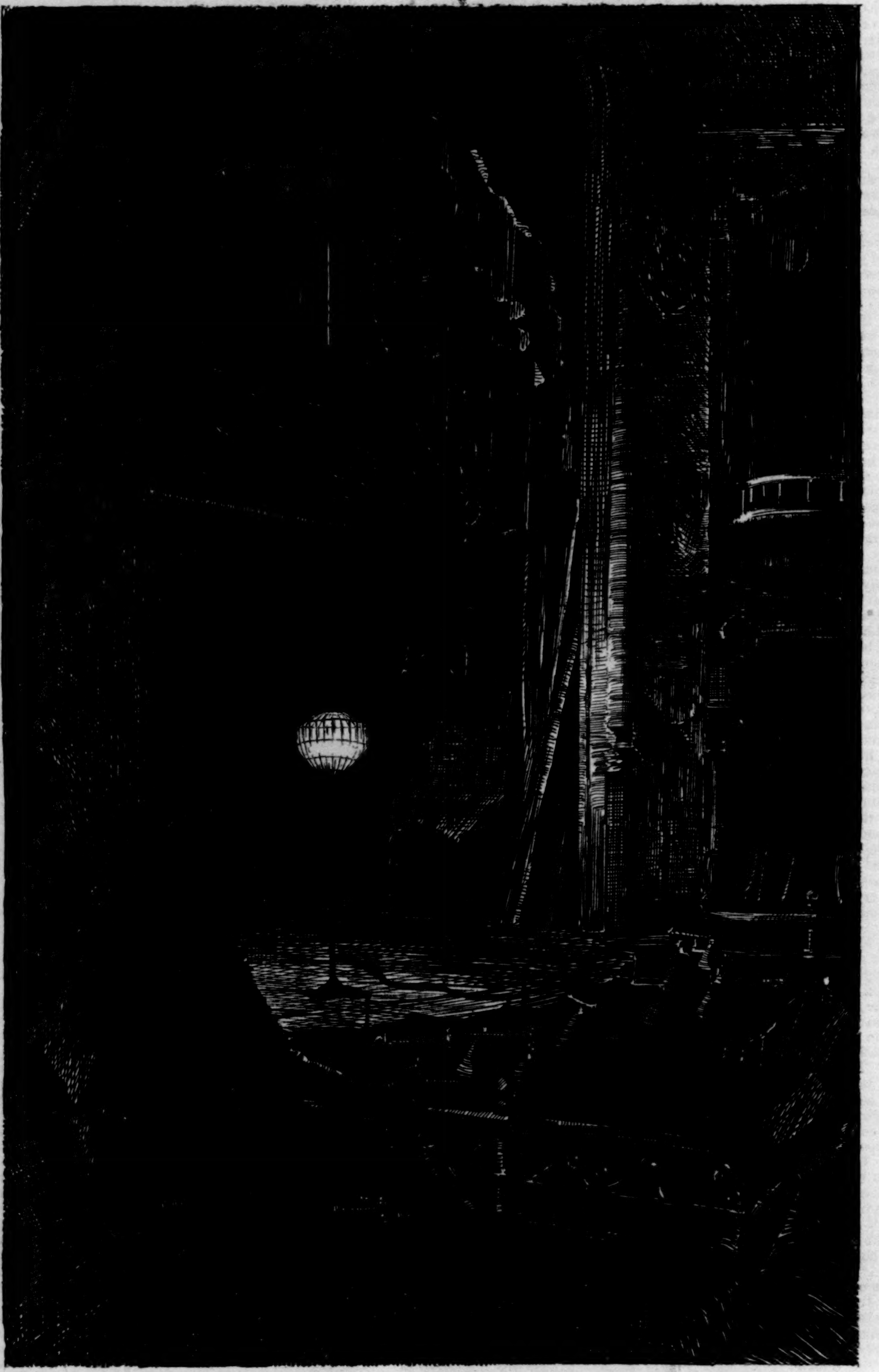
"One of the most correctly dressed men in the legitimate; there's romance for you," says the stage-manager, looking at the king.

"And there's reality," I add, looking at the messenger-boy.

"Where the real and the ideal meet," interpolates the artist.

"Orchestra in!" yells the call-boy.

I make an exit as hasty as Cinderella's. The orchestra has begun, and my hour for observation ends at eight P.M.



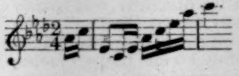
THE DAWN OF THE DRAMA.

OPERA.

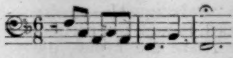
"Nein," says the Wacht am Rhein at the stage-door to a deep mulatto lady. "Und you haf no dicket you don'd gome in."

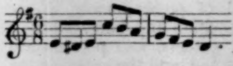
"Now look yeh, boss, dat ain't right nohow. Y'ain't gwine ter cheat me outer my puffeshun, eh?"

Passing through the small glass-bound anteroom that leads to the stage-door there is a steady stream of variegated humanity, Teutonic, Italian, American, and African. The *Queen of Sheba* is on, and with ballet, supers, chorus, machinists, etc., the crowd runs up into the hundreds. Save the best known of the principals, all are required to show the proper pass ticket before entering. The episode with the mulatto woman over, the door-keeper, a study in German stolidity, relapses into his normal condition, as inflexible as fate, as indifferent as a sphinx. Salutations concern him not, and he seems to be in no way conscious of his surroundings. The dancers running in nod, but he never responds. As the supers enter they leave their cigar stumps or quids of tobacco in a receptacle full of sawdust by the outer door, and teetering in with a Bowery swagger, pull the forelock to the door-keeper, who apparently sees them not. The male singers in great-coats and big mufflers make ponderous, methodic entrances. With great deliberation, heedless of hurrying and pushing, they knock out their pipes, and begin to try their voices, pausing invariably to address the mute door-keeper in the tongue of father-land.



sings a tenor. "Guten Abend, mein Herr. Wie befinden Sie sich?" "Schön heute Abend!" remarks a burly basso, finishing with





goes a cheerful baritone, with a lively shiver. "Kalt genug? Windisch heute Abend!" And so it goes, blowing hot or blowing cold according to the singer's temperament, and all this time the door-keeper has not moved an eyelash or given a single token of life or reason. Enter a stately prima donna in cloak and veil. She nods politely, and says "Mein Herr" in a mellow voice. But mein Herr is apparently in a trance. Swarms of people come in. The little black stage entrance, set flush with the sidewalk at the base of the vast pale exterior of the great opera-house, and over-gorged with little dark figures struggling to get in, is exactly like the entrance to a beehive. While these busy bees are making it almost a matter of life and death to provide amusement, the patrons of the opera sit tranquilly at dinner ignorant of all this striving, or, if they but faintly guess it, as indifferent as the autocrat of the stage-door himself.

A crowd of darkies—men, women, and children—comes shuffling along. The sight is a lively one, with the nudging, swaying, giggling, pushing, and the glitter of teeth that are white by contrast only. At the stage-door the light falls on spots of color such as a crimson necktie, an old-gold cheek, an ivory-white top-coat, a pale blue woollen hood, a pair of lavender over-gaiters, the rolling whites of eyes, or the gleam of scarlet mittens. The mulatto who had lost her ticket, having retired to consult with her fellows, returns to the attack of the German fortress dismayed, but not discouraged. She makes a lively attempt to pass unnoticed in a crowd. But a large German hand detains her, and a voice that she alone can waken says, "Don'd got a dicket, don'd gome in."

"Now look yeah, boss, you know whar I b'long. How's dey gwine ter gib de show if you don't let de ladies 'n' gemmen in? Why, I done played de *Queen er Sheeby* eve'y time dey had it! Why, de derectur knows me. He mus' know me, fo' eve'ybod' knows me. I's numb' seventy-six, sec'nd row ob de cullud ladies, t'ird fum de end."

The assistant stage-manager appears on the inside of the second glass door; in response to the mulatto's frantic appeals in the plantation dialect he sends for the ballet master. As soon as that worried and overworked individual says he "thinks he recognizes seventy-six," the "colored lady" is within the door and out of sight as suddenly as if she had disappeared through an enchanted trap. The procession begins to lose interest. The stage-door man in his Teutonic trance once more is as monotonous as he is peculiar.

Through the hallway to the right, then straight ahead again, and you are on the stage. The vast pale auditorium in the half-light looks from the stage like a section of the Roman Coliseum. Down in the "bear pit" the musicians are rustling leaves, tuning instruments, and talking in German half-tones. The calcium-light men are everywhere, rushing around with huge cylinders, such as are used in soda-water fountains. The stage hands are putting up Solomon's Temple; the carpenters are examining grooves in the floor; supers in all possible and impossible costumes are grouped here and there for the ballet master's inspection. Garlands, fans, wands, torches, harps, banners, tambourines, and other devices are distributed by the property-man's assistants. The Queen's golden palanquin is put in place; the sand-storm is looked after. These things are all prepared and rehearsed beforehand, but to put them in the right place at the right time necessitates a new confusion.

It is the half-hour. Down goes the big curtain. The ballet side of the stage is full of life and contrast. You see the romance of tulle skirts and the reality of shirts and stockings to knit. Up on a landing sits little Léontine. She wears dark slippers over her ballet shoes, and a dark jacket protects her neck and shoulders. Now and then she nods her little fifteen-year-old head at the thoughts that come to her as she crochets a tidy of cotton thread. There is a confusion of figures on the stage below her. A performer coming down some set steps passes before a calcium that throws his shadow, huge and grotesque, on the scenery beyond him.

"We all bring work to do whenever we are here," says little Léontine. "Sometimes we are ordered to be dressed for rehearsal at ten in the morning, and our turn does not come until three in the afternoon. We all exchange patterns. Some of the girls have lovely patterns, and know how to knit all kinds of things. Come and see mamma."

Léontine takes us down to where her mother stands. Both belong to the rank and file of the ballet. The mother, a French American, is still pretty, and was young not so very long ago. She loves the little Léontine. There is a worried, mother look in her eyes that makes you forget the painted cheeks, the sketchy skirts, and flesh-colored legs.

"It is so hard to get along," she says, speaking quite freely of what is uppermost. "We must both work, you see, and even then it's hard to save enough for the dull season and for the lessons."

"Yes," adds Léontine, knitting away, "it's the lessons that cost money; and of course I make no progress if I do not study all the time. People who look at dancing from the front think it's all very fine. They have little idea what hard work it is!"

"And the rehearsals, and the long hours," adds the mother. "Last year Léontine was such a little thing her strength was not equal to it; and after the season was over she was ill for months."

"Now don't worry, mamma," says Léontine, coaxing. "I'm ever so much bigger this year, and the doctor thinks I'm stronger too."

The prayer for strength to work, the struggle for bread and butter! Where is the world we read about in books—the world where the income supplies itself, and there is nothing so serious in life as the rise and fall of a love affair?

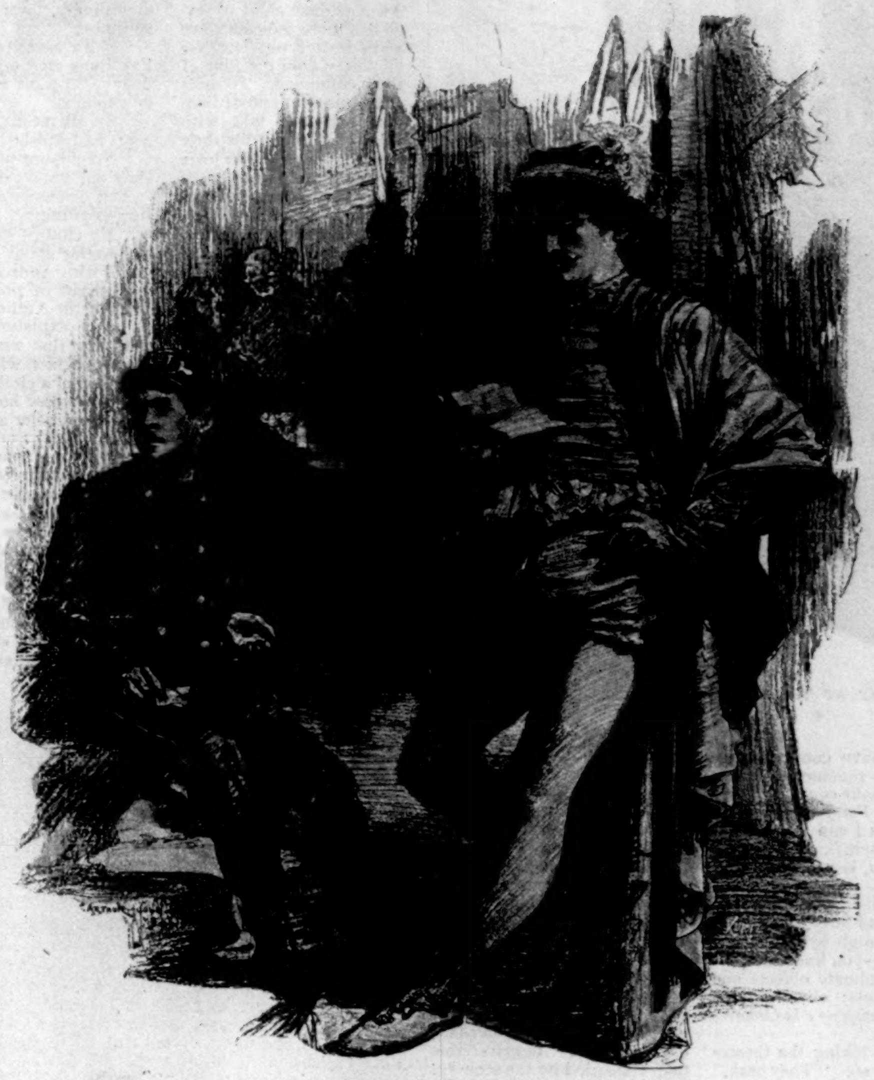
It is time for the cry of "Orchestra in!" The last preparations are made. The calciums are ready, the lights at side and back are low. Ballet girls, taking a peep at their more fortunate sisters in the boxes, look like pearl-gray silhouettes, just the color of Hamlet's ghost. As we pass out the ballet master is sorting out the wives of Solomon, and has just fined a high-priest who, in elephantine German playfulness, has pulled another priest's beard off.

PANTOMIME.

At seven o'clock it is dark and slippery in the damp back street. The stage-door is midway in the block, and to reach it you must pass, if you can, through a solid queue of wrangling, joking, pushing men and lads—a line which begins on the high stoop of a once elegant mansion, extending down the steps and out into the slush of the street. It is the gallery audience waiting for their entrance door to open. All around and about are scores of poor ragged little boys, who hoot with envy at the gallery swells—rich enough to go to the show. The coupés, carriages, diamonds, and furs at the front entrance of a theatre make the gallery crowd look very much like the extreme of poverty. But in phases of humanity New York is inexhaustible: the gallery auditors are Vanderbilts to the hungry, penniless ragamuffins who enviously admire them. The little beggars are not bad-hearted either, provided that in face or manner you show neither dislike nor fear.

"Make way fer de lie-dy," says one grimy little fellow, trailing before us in his rags with all the dignity of a French beadle at a cathedral wedding. And, thanks to their good-nature, we are saved the penance of having to wade in the slush, or go back around the block and enter the street from the other side. You must find the stage-door by instinct. There are no outward signs or tokens.

The theatre, one of the genuine old-fashioned kind, is at this hour as roomy and as gloomy as some deserted church.



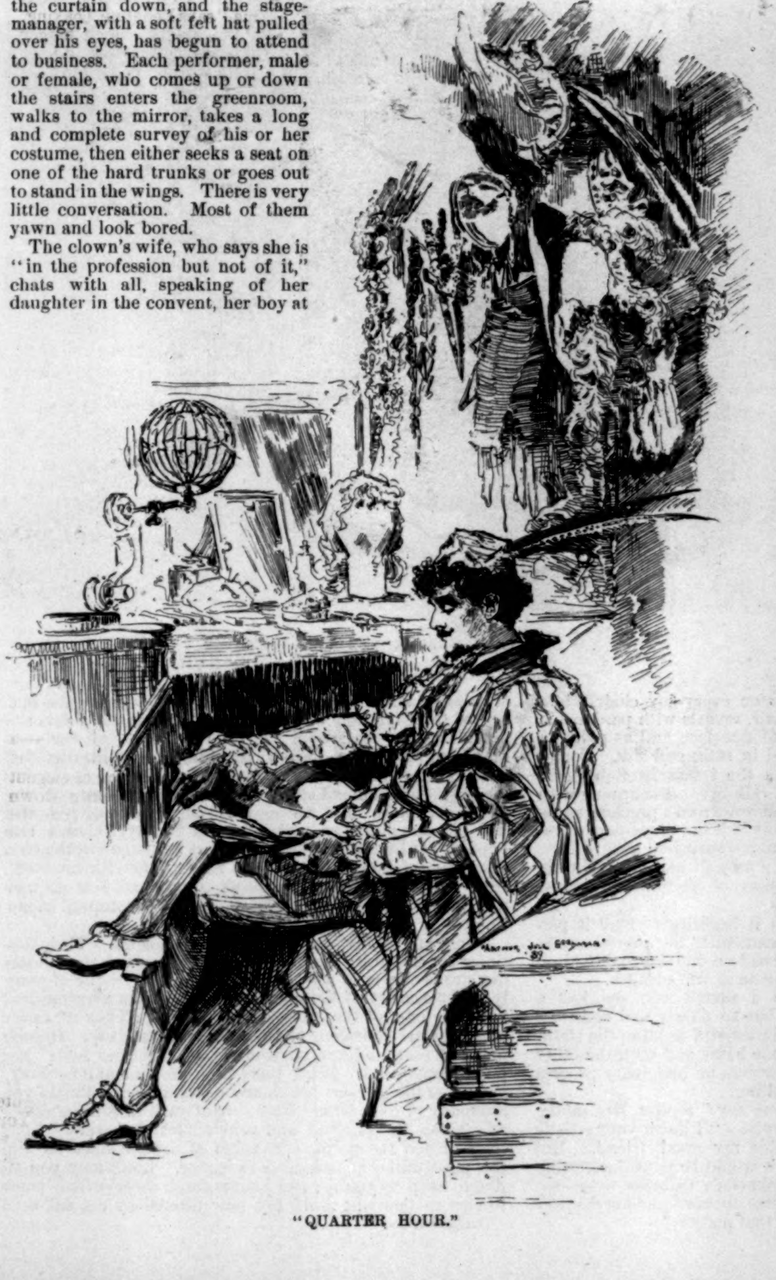
WHERE THE REAL AND THE IDEAL MEET.

The stage floor is full of marks, grooves, stars, squares, and triangles, that look in the half-light like the pattern on a faded carpet. On either side of the great stage are serried ranks of scenery, tall and vague. Overhead loose canvases flap softly, like the great black wings of gigantic birds. A Roman arch on the right makes a half-circle of bright light where the massive wall has been pierced, and broad steps of stone lead to rows of small stone dungeons, *i. e.*, dressing-rooms, down below. Massive and sinister it all looks, like the subterranean part of some old castle on the Rhine.

At the left of the stage is the greenroom, a room (in books) where distinguished visitors and gifted artists meet to indulge a passion for deep discussion and brilliant repartee. The reality, as we have it here, is a long tunnel-like room with a row of trunks on either side and a pathway down the middle. On one side are some severely simple windows, ornamented from without by the flattened noses of street boys who have climbed a fence somewhere. The extreme end of this dark tunnel is made quite cozy by a bunch-light, a large mirror, and a sewing-machine. At the sewing-machine sits the clown's wife. They are going to a Masonic ball after the performance, and she is dressed already, in a black evening dress that is decidedly well made and becoming. Her fan and long gloves lie ready on the corner of the machine. She puts in her spare time usefully, sewing red spangles on the devil, white buttons on the clown's collar, repairing a break in the imp's green and red shoulder, and mending the high-priest's blue and yellow sword-belt.

There is the genuine "theatre smell" about the old place. It is composite and permanent. Steam, engine oil, illuminating gas, wood alcohol, the odor of old brick walls, soap, pomade, faded flowers, the musty smell of heterogeneous apparel that has been packed away—these and other ingredients, mixed and remixed, constantly re-enforced and never escaping, make up the sum of that behind-the-scenes odor that is attar of rose to *habitués* and death to all intruders. Bayaderes, demons, priestesses, fairies, skirt dancers, and priests come winding down a spiral stone stairway from above or climbing up from below. The half-hour is announced. The gas is on, the curtain down, and the stage-manager, with a soft felt hat pulled over his eyes, has begun to attend to business. Each performer, male or female, who comes up or down the stairs enters the greenroom, walks to the mirror, takes a long and complete survey of his or her costume, then either seeks a seat on one of the hard trunks or goes out to stand in the wings. There is very little conversation. Most of them yawn and look bored.

The clown's wife, who says she is "in the profession but not of it," chats with all, speaking of her daughter in the convent, her boy at the military academy, and keeps sewing on buttons and spangles with complete impartiality the while. The clown appears in costume. That is, he is a clown from his toes to his collar; but from the collar up he still retains his identity as the author of the piece and one of the proprietors. "If you would like to know how a Pierrot makes up his face," he says, "I know my wife will be very glad to accompany you to the dressing-room."



"QUARTER HOUR."

The star's dressing-room adjoins the stage and the greenroom. He stands in front of a big mirror. The marble slab at the base of the mirror is adorned with a box of white powder and a can of lard. "One, two," says Pierrot; "now see me lose my identity;" and he pulls over his head a tight white skull-cap with apertures for the ears.

"Now a good coating of lard," he says, rubbing thoroughly his neck, face, and ears.

"Leaf-lard, for two reasons—it is harmless, and it helps intensify the white of the powder. The face of a Pierrot, you know, must be a pure bluish white; the yellow of the gas-light counteracts the blue, and the audience sees a perfect white."

Then on goes the powder with a big puff. "I keep on adding powder," he continues, "until I match the white of the skull-cap, and you cannot tell where the cap ends and the face begins; the hardest is to get the ears white, as they are naturally much pinker than the rest of the face."

When he has finished with the powder-puff he bends first on one side and then on the other, clapping his hands in front of the ears and nostrils so that the breeze made by concussion removes all superfluous powder. The artist is enchanted with the transformation. At this stage the head looks like an egg. The lips are covered, the large nose blends into the general whiteness and is hardly noticeable; the nostrils, eyebrows, and eyelashes are white, and the eyes can scarcely be seen. There is something almost supernatural in the effect that can be produced by white. Just as a snow-fall blots out the familiar features of a landscape, masking them to mean something new and strange, so the clown's white powder obliterates the anxious worker and responsible father of a family, making of him a weird, unnatural creature with no more of a soul than Undine, a being light as thistle-down and irresponsible as the butterfly. Whether Pierrot kisses a girl, kills a man, or cracks a nut is all the same to him and to us. We dwell with him in topsy-turvy land—where everything is nothing and nothing is everything—there to be free for a little moment from the limitations and restrictions of moribund mortality. But we are dealing in facts, not fancies.

"Now," continues the star, "this will never do. My face, as you see it now, could not carry an expression strong enough to go across the footlights. I must make it so it will speak loudly, in all languages, and yet without words."

"I often think," Pierrot goes on, putting a stick of black *cosmétique* through the wire of the bunch-light and letting it fry, "what a soft snap most of these actors have. When a man comes on the stage and *says* he does so and so, the audience is very apt to take his word for it. But I, on the other hand, must say nothing; by my actions I must carry the thread of a story, sustain the interest, fix the attention, and make the people laugh at the right time."

The *cosmétique* is cooked, and he lightly outlines each eyebrow, puts a thread-like black line down each side of the nose, a tiny dot of black at each corner of the mouth, daintily traces the curve of the nostril, darkens the eyelashes enough to make them visible, and around each eye at the roots of the lashes traces a line an eighth of an inch wide.

"When I produce my new pantomime," he resumes, "I think I shall fall ill for just one night—a luxury I can't afford at present—and get some stylish society actor or spouting heavy man to play my part. Imagine the condition of the average actor if he were not allowed to speak!"

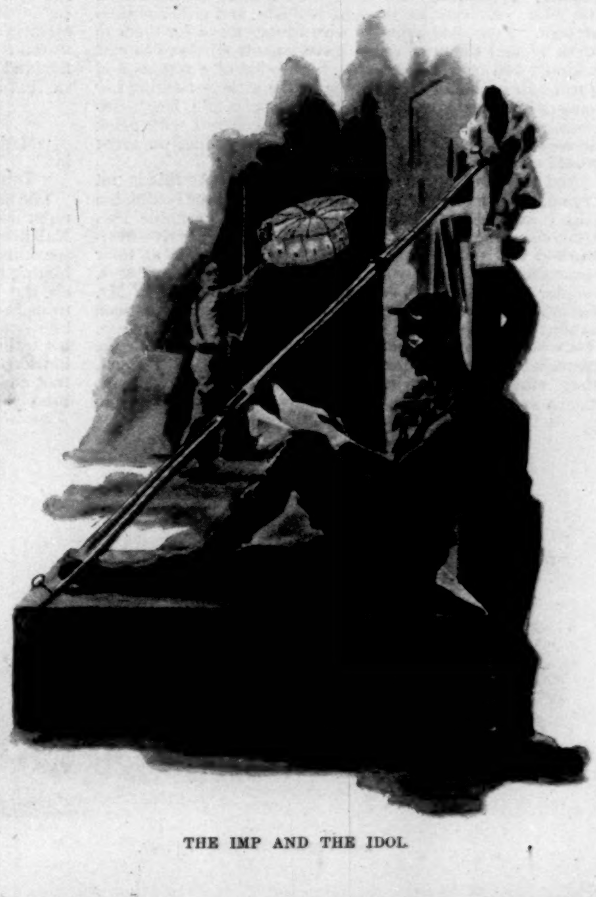
And so he chats while his wife brushes the powder off his costume, buttons the big ruffled collar around his neck, and Pierrot stands before us—a creature so curious and so devoid of human identity that his voice is an impertinence and his words do not belong to him at all.

"You see I have made no lines that commit my face to any one expression," he explains.

"Quarter hour," interrupts the call-boy.

"Up three flights of stairs, that is the way to the room of the English dancers," says the high-priest.

On the first landing the Fairy Queen, standing on one foot, supports her equilibrium by leaning one arm on a cupboard that juts out from the wall. There is a man on his knees before her; but, judging from the back view, he is not



THE IMP AND THE IDOL.